THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CECIL JOHN RHODES



Rt. Hon. CECIL J. RHODES.

From a Bust by Henry Pegram, A.R.A.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CECIL JOHN RHODES

A MONOGRAPH AND A REMINISCENCE

BY

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WITH PORTRAITS AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

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To

The Rhodes Scholars of Oxford University

Upon whom, in the words of his Bequest, Mr. Rhodes imposes the noble task of encouraging and fostering "an appreciation of the advantages which I implicitly believe will result from the union of the English-speaking peoples throughout the world."

PREFACE

I HAVE not attempted in this volume to give any detailed account of Mr. Rhodes' life from childhood upwards. I have rather written a personal narrative of his life and work, as they were associated with mine, in an intimacy of many years; while at the same time I have given as complete an account and estimate of his public career as the scheme of the book permitted. I have also specially endeavoured to recall the best traditions of Mr. Rhodes' life, scarcely known to the general public, but cherished in the hearts of his friends. If by any chance inaccuracies of date or detail have crept in, I must ask the reader to remember that I write at a time of life when memory is apt to fail, and also that I have had no opportunity of verifying recollections by public records.

I desire to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. Pegram in allowing the reproduction of his bust of Mr. Rhodes. It is, in my judgment, the best representation of Cecil Rhodes achieved by any artist.

CONTENTS

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

CECIL JOHN RHODES

CHAPTER I

ENTRANCE INTO PUBLIC LIFE

IT is a generally received opinion that the lives of great men can only be rightly appreciated in the perspective given by years and the backward view of events, which alone can fix their position as it stands related to the men and work of the time in which they lived. Yet surely such a view must have its limitation. If Boswell had waited for "perspective" he would never have written the living picture of Johnson which has delighted the world. The age may be trusted indeed to take care of the *Idler* and the "Life of Charles Savage," and of the "Dictionary," and see them in just proportion to the literature of the time. But the real, robust Johnson, with his positive opinions, his sarcastic wit, his tempestuous rage, to say nothing of the cat "Hodge" and the treasured orange peel, would have been lost to the world but for Boswell, who wrote of things

while they were warm and living, and did not wait for a perspective plane to judge of events in proportion and relation. Mr. Rhodes has left much to the judgment of posterity in his imperial achievements and bequests, but he had a striking personality, which only those near to him could fully appreciate.

I do not propose to play to Cecil Rhodes the part of Boswell, but I was his neighbour and friend for many years, and intimately associated with his political and social life, and heard from his own lips of his great South African schemes while they were yet in formation, as well as saw much of his "in and out" social life at Groote Schuur. I was often with him in his moods of pleasure and anger—when he was inspired with romantic dreams of African expansion, and when he discussed the "lions in the way" and how they were to be removed from his path. I need not, then, offer an apology for writing a monograph of one of the greatest figures in South African history, although I cannot undertake to satisfy the definition of a "monograph writer" as one "who draws in lines without colours."

There is a reason in my case, moreover, why I cannot wait until a perspective view of Mr. Rhodes' life and character is possible. I was

many years older than he when he died, and the time is rapidly passing when I might hope to retain vivid impressions of his doings and the power of recording them. A distinguished statesman once said to me that no man could be relied on to do good work after sixty, even if he could do so up to that age. If this be so, I ought not even now to attempt a sketch of the man who cast a spell over South Africa and its people for so many years.

The first occasion on which I had any intimate exchange of views with Mr. Rhodes was in 1881, on the eve of a debate in Parliament on the Basuto War. He had just been returned to Parliament and commenced his political career. The Sprigg Ministry was then hastening to its fall before the challenge of a large party in Parliament, to the policy of the war, which had been followed by disaster and almost disgrace in its conduct and result. As a matter of fact, the colonial forces had never penetrated more than eight or ten miles into the Basuto country, and had never achieved any real success. I had led the opposition, in Parliament, to the native policy of the Sprigg Government, and had kept together an organised opposition to it. A few days before this interview with Mr. Rhodes I

had called a meeting at my house to discuss the future leadership of the Opposition, which was ere long to become the Government party. I explained to the meeting that Sir Gordon Sprigg must soon resign, and that it was absolutely necessary for the party opposed to him to select a leader, for whom his Excellency the Governor might send to form a new Administration. It was impossible for me, I explained, although I had led the party so far, to assume the responsibilities of office. I could not resign a "certainty" for the uncertainties of political employment, however much I might desire to do so. At this meeting the leading members who had supported me in the debate were present. After a long and friendly discussion over the dinner-table, Sir Thomas Scanlen, then Mr. Scanlen, was elected leader of the party.

This was the state of affairs when Mr. Rhodes dropped me a note asking me to lunch with him at Poole's Hotel, suggesting that I should come early or stay late, as he wanted a long chat on political affairs. I accepted the invitation, although I had never before had any communication with Mr. Rhodes except an occasional exchange of courtesies. There was at that time no thought of his being or becoming a great man, although

his success as an individual digger at the diamond fields was well known, as also the fact that he had gone outside the digging routine and obtained an important contract for removing waste digging soil. He had already, indeed, taken an interest in local discussions at the fields, and shown an interest in public affairs. The House of Assembly, ever on the look out for talent and new blood, particularly when it hailed from the north, wondered how he would shape.

He was standing in the window of the hotel as I went up the street, and coming to the door, led me into his private room. I had a good look at him to begin with. The room looked eastward, and the Cape sunshine filled it. Mr. Rhodes was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with face and figure of somewhat loose formation. His hair was auburn, carelessly flung over his forehead, his eyes of bluish grey, dreamy but kindly. But the mouth—aye, that was "the unruly member" of his face. With deep lines following the curve of the moustache, it had a determined, masterful, and sometimes scornful expression. Men cannot, of course, think or feel with their mouths, but the thoughts and feelings of Cecil Rhodes soon found their way to that part of his face. At its best it expressed determined purpose—at

its worst, well, I have seen storms of passion gather about it and twist it into unlovely shapes. Neither sculptor nor painter knew just what to do with it.

The conversation turned principally on the political position of parties and the present position of the Ministry, who were, as I have explained, reaping the fruit of their native policy and the disastrous war which was the outcome of it. Mr. Rhodes expressed himself strongly against the action of the Government, but he was evidently anxious not to commit himself to a party or to lose his position as an independent member. He remarked playfully, "Don't try and birdlime me on to a party stick." His line of remark was eminently characteristic, and a forecast of what I was often to hear from the same lips. In his talk he considered politics not so much in their local aspects, but as they affected the welfare of the whole of South Africa. He had "larger issues" always in view. He was then greatly in favour of handing over Basutoland and the natives residing in extra-colonial territory to the Imperial Government. The Cape Government, he thought, was unable to grapple with the large issues and responsibilities involved in a great native policy, particularly, as I afterwards found, because he

wanted them to look northwards. The whole European population was not larger than a third-rate English town, with a large native population and a vast territory to deal with. Mr. Rhodes left the impression on my mind, after this brief acquaintance, that I was talking to a man who would soon be in the thick of affairs. He did not then, however, broach his idea of the conquest of the Hinterland, although I heard of it very soon afterwards.

After luncheon the talk was more free and familiar, and he referred to the days of his child hood and to his student life at Oxford. He struck the first note of that reverent affection for Oxford of which every one that knew him heard so much. It was not as an educational institution only that he referred to it; it was Oxford with its buildings, traditions, its companionships, its sporting achievements, and its embodiment of English chivalry and honour. How he loved it! I have known Mr. Rhodes in many moods and engrossed with the most perplexing problems, but I never knew the time when Oxford would not "draw" him, if any chance reference was made to it. It is greatly to his credit that he left his "digging" at Kimberley to finish his studies at Oxford, which had been interrupted by weakness, and

returned to his work when he had accomplished his purpose; but I believe it was the glamour of Oxford that attracted him back even more than the obtaining of his degree. Some years after this first interview I became a director of De Beers, and endeavoured, as all directors should, to make myself familiar with the working and management of the mine. I found that although the most elaborate precautions were taken to prevent the robbery of diamonds, the whole proceeds of a day's mining were taken by one man, unattended and unwatched, into a room to be weighed and registered. There was nothing except his own honesty and sense of honour to prevent this gentleman from appropriating any number of diamonds. I did not presume for a moment to challenge the wisdom of such an arrangement, but I expressed my surprise at it to Mr. Rhodes. "Oh," he said, "that's all right. Mr. So-and-so takes charge of the diamonds, and he is an Oxford man and an English gentleman. Perhaps if there were two they might conspire." I found this little speech very characteristic of Mr. Rhodes' way of dealing with men and things. He trusted character when he came to know it, and made light of ordinary safeguards.

The conversation then turned to the Parliament and the Parliamentarians with whom Mr. Rhodes had made so recent an acquaintance, and to the position which he proposed to take in public life. He wished to remain an independent member for the present, watching the trend of events. He did not then tell me for what purpose. The talk on the prominent members of Parliament differed very much from a similar one I once had with that famous Pro-Consul, Sir Bartle Frere, when he was Governor of the Cape Colony. Sir Bartle, who attached much importance to the direct influence of the head of the State upon individuals and parties, was most anxious to know something of the public and social characteristics and position of the leading politicians. He sent for me, he said, as a "journalist off the rails," who might furnish him with information of this kind. He opened the conversation as follows: "Now, there is a Mr. Robert ——, a member of the Upper House, who appears to be much respected and listened to as a debater. What do you know of him?" "Oh, Moral Bob," I said, using a nickname by which the said politician was known. His Excellency was delighted. "Ah, that is what I want," he said. "Tell me about the Moral

Bobs. Why is he called Moral Bob?" So the talk went on; but I need not say that I did not give away my colleagues, or attempt to follow them into their homes, nor describe their social ways. Nor do I imagine Sir Bartle wanted me to do so. He wished to know how to approach these men, and how to influence and use them. He had, I presume, the instincts of an Indian administrator. Certain it is that one constantly met men in the leading towns of the Colony and on board the ocean steamers who thought Sir Bartle was specially interested in their opinions, whereas his Excellency was only anxious they should know his own, and what he expected of them.

But I found Mr. Rhodes' interest in men and things was of a somewhat different kind. He hated gossip of all kinds, and did not care what a man was within the threshold of his own door. Nor did he care a straw about the social position of politicians. No one could ever interest him with a mere society scandal. Should it ever be brought to his notice, he was wont to brush it away with a sweep of his arm. What he did concern himself with, was the outlook of a politician, whether he was a "parish pump man," or a man of large sympathies

and aims—one, in fact, with whom he could work. Nevertheless, he loved to palaver with the sons of the soil, and with all who were engaged in practical work, with some aim in front of it. It was in this strain that the young politician talked about his brother members, and how he might make himself useful amongst them. A long talk about the growth of representative institutions in the Colony followed these personal references. Without saying anything about his northern scheme, he told me frankly he was anxious to succeed as a politician, and to do something for South Africa through the Cape Parliament and people. I had even then the assured conviction that he would.

It may be as well at this stage to take a glimpse of the public life to which Mr. Rhodes was introduced. At the time when he entered the Cape Parliament its *personnel* had somewhat changed. Saul Solomon and Sir John Molteno—the first Prime Minister of the Colony—the two veteran statesmen who had done so much to establish and maintain representative institutions in the Cape Colony, had retired from active politics. Both men were greatly missed. Saul Solomon, with his crippled and diminutive body, had the brain of a giant, and his gifts as a debater,

together with his great knowledge of constitutional law and practice, were of inestimable value to a Parliament still in its infancy: while Sir John Molteno, a wealthy landed proprietor and farmer, although he had little book knowledge, embodied the resolute character and energy of the successful colonist. Of commanding presence, he spoke with great vigour and full knowledge of the material needs of the country. The country members swore by him, and from 1872 until Sir Bartle Frere crossed his path, he carried everything before him. But although these leaders of the Parliament were passing from political life, the Parliament itself was growing in its representative character and in the political capacity of its members. It contained such men as J. X. Merriman, the present Premier of the Cape Colony, Jan Hofmeyr, Sir Gordon Sprigg, Sir Thomas Uppington, Sir Thomas Scanlen, and Messrs. J. W. Sauer and J. W. Leonard, all men whose gifts would have won their way in any legislative assembly in the world. When I first made the acquaintance of the Cape Parliament, there were only two Dutch members in it. The Dutch population remained for the most part indifferent to its proceedings, but the opening up of the diamond fields and the advent of responsible

government awoke an interest in the public affairs of the country unknown before. There were successful diggers from every district who returned to their homes men of affairs as well as men of means.

It is hardly possible to exaggerate the effects of the "Fields" upon the farms which fringed the Orange River north and south, and indeed upon the farming interest of the Colony generally. The sleepy-looking reaches of the veldt, and the still more sleepy owners who had no produce to offer when the diggers first swarmed across the Vaal, were suddenly quickened with a new industrial life. They had found a market for more than they could produce. I stayed for an hour or two at one of these farms during my first trip to the "Fields" in 1872. I took twelve days to reach them in an American coach drawn by six horses, with relays which, in Chilian fashion, followed the coach in loose formation, taking their turn in harness when required. We stopped for forage, and, while the horses were being fed, I went inside the house. The Boer and his wife accosted me as I entered, and one of our party who knew Dutch and English, informed me they desired an interview with myself, which was of course immediately accorded. The Boer told me through the interpreter that he had heard I was

from Cape Town and "knew many people," so he thought I might bring him a customer for his farm. Instead of living a quiet life as he had always done, he told me that waggons on their way to the fields were calling day and night asking to buy forage for their horses and mules, and food and coffee for themselves, and sometimes even a sheep to kill. Putting his hand to his head, the Boer told me that it was so troubling and distressing him that he wished to clear out and retire to some quiet spot. Before replying, I looked round and saw that there were ill-clad children about the place, and evidently another coming. Then I said to him, almost sternly, "Well, I have heard what you say, and think you ought to be ashamed of yourself. By a little industry and attention to your farm you have now a golden chance of earning a good income, and putting your children to school instead of letting them pig about the sand half clad. And now you want to run away from the opportunity of a lifetime. How a fine, healthy man at your age should surrender such a chance is past understanding. My advice to you is, sow more oats and grow garden stuff, and reap the harvest while you can." The Boer answered not a word, but stood almost dazed. His wife, however, address-

ing the interpreter, said, "Did the gentleman pay me a compliment as well as my husband?" I subsequently heard that the Boer, who was a type of many similarly situated, took my advice, and made what to him was a fortune. I mention this incident as an illustration of the way in which the up-country Boers came to be drawn not only into the business of the country, but into its political affairs; for they soon came to understand that the Parliament of a young country was chiefly occupied with its material interest, which included the construction of railways, bridges, roads, mountain passes, &c. &c., and so of bringing out-of-the-way parts of the country into touch with its commercial and industrial life; in other words, bringing farms within reach of their markets.

I had told Mr. Rhodes that when I first knew the Cape Parliament it contained only two Dutch members, one quite an uneducated man, who was, nevertheless, from his shrewdness and knowledge of the country, always listened to with interest and some amusement. But the number was soon increased by the influences I have been describing, and above all, by the introduction of responsible government in 1872. A considerable number of the Dutch, with their conservative

instincts, were opposed to the change, but they soon found that although the will of a people could indeed be expressed in a Parliament without a responsible executive, it could not be enforced. So long as the Executive were permanent officials, responsible only to the Crown, they could kill any legislation of which they did not approve by bad or hostile administration. On the other hand, Parliament would, and did, pass drastic measures which would have assumed another shape if it were also responsible for giving effect to them. I could give striking proof of this view from the history of the Cape Parliament, but it must suffice to say that it was adopted after careful observation of the working of the constitutional machine, without the responsibility of Ministers to Parliament. There are indeed difficulties in the working of responsible government, particularly in young communities; and some day perhaps a more perfect system may be evolved; but it seems to me that no other constitution gives the elasticity which democratic governments require. The sequel will show that all these features of the political history of Cape Colony were fully grasped by Mr. Rhodes as he acquired parliamentary experience. To understand the position of South

African affairs to which Mr. Rhodes was introduced, it must also be borne in mind that only two months before his entrance into public life, the disaster at Majuba had been followed by the surrender of the Transvaal to Paul Kruger and his friends. A strong Dutch Government, therefore, practically blocked the Hinterland.

From his first appearance in Parliament, Mr. Rhodes, or, as the newspapers called him, the "young member for Barkly West," was regarded as a strong man, and soon took a prominent part in debates. He was not a rhetorician in any sense. His speeches had no introduction and no peroration. He went straight to the point, dealing with the subject under discussion with an easy, masterful confidence. He was not a hard hitter in debate, but rather a persuader—reasoning and pleading in a conversational way as one more anxious to convince an opponent than to expose his weaknesses. Now and then, however, there would be a touch of sarcasm and humour, as when speaking of the policy of the Government towards the Basutos, whom it attempted to disarm, before the rest of the native tribes, although they had been our firm allies, he remarked that the Government "had put the wrong boy in the stocks"; and, when alluding

to Sir Gordon Sprigg's resignation, that there was no reason why the members for Griqualand West should regard him (Sir Gordon) as the only possible saviour of society! These "hits" were made in his two first speeches, and in the third he asked, when contending that the native territories should be handed over to the home Government, "Are we a great and independent South Africa? No; we are only the population of a third-rate English city spread over a great country." But remarks of this sort were very occasional. Mr. Rhodes was generally more concerned to convince his audience than to indulge in satire, and was accustomed to speak in public as if talking to a friend over the dinner-table. While his speech was direct, his language was not terse nor were his sentences epigrammatic. His style, like his manner and the movements of his body, was leisurely and easy, and somewhat lumbering. "To be fair with you" was a common phrase of his, as if he wished to give full weight to an opponent's argument, and go with him as far as he could. He was sometimes uneasy under a bitter personal attack, and would in a way that sometimes surprised his friends endeavour to conciliate and turn away wrath rather than resent it. If such an attack was

due to some error of his own, he would often at once frankly acknowledge it. The late Arthur Douglass, the member for Grahamstown, a man of very vigorous speech, once during a debate challenged a personal allusion to himself on the part of Mr. Rhodes with great directness and almost rudeness. He told him he had got hold of the wrong man if he intended to bully him into supporting his policy by reminding him of what he had done for the Kowie Harbour. I was sitting by Mr. Douglass at the time, and Mr. Rhodes, leaning across me, as he went out of the House, said, "You were right, Douglass, and I was wrong. Come and dine with me on Sunday, and we will talk it over." Mr. Rhodes always preferred managing men and communities to fighting them. This habit did not result from cowardice, but from the breadth of his nature and the openness of his mind, and his conviction that it was better in nine cases out of ten to "reason out" an issue quietly than to fight it out. His speeches nevertheless displayed strength of will and purpose. The disposition to compromise was on the surface, and did not disturb the main issues.

Mr. Rhodes had little gesture while speaking, although what there was, was most expressive.

He often kept his hands behind him, or thrust one forward towards the person or persons he was especially addressing, or passed it over his brow in a pausing way. When he considered his argument especially convincing, he would conclude his speech by flopping down on the seat with an expressive jerk, as much as to say, "Answer that if you can!" His speeches, though somewhat clumsy in construction, were always full of life. You may read in them the annals of the time, and feel its living movement and interest.

During the first two sessions of the Parliament in which Mr. Rhodes sat, he did not deal with very important questions, but he always took a broad South African rather than a local view of every matter he discussed. He was always mindful of the special interests and claims of the Cape Colony. "By the accident of birth," he says in one of his speeches; "but that is nothing, I have adopted the Colony as my home, and in reference to the affairs of this country I look upon the interests of the Cape Colony first, and those of the neighbouring states second. While sympathising with the Transvaal, I think that the Transvaal should return something of that feeling of sympathy to this Colony instead of shutting out our industries by leasing everything to foreigners for

ten, twenty, and thirty years. At Kimberley your Transvaal trade is ruined by being shut out through monopolies." Throughout his career Mr. Rhodes was as faithful to the Colony as he was to the Empire. Through its expansion, as we shall see, he reached Central Africa, although other routes and alliances were open to him.

Two of the speeches made during these early days were in support of resolutions moved by myself, one affirming the desirability of an excise duty in place of the budget proposals of the Government, and the other on the proposed introduction of the Dutch language into the Cape Parliament. Neither Mr. Rhodes nor I opposed the latter proposal—indeed we ultimately supported it—but we objected to its being brought forward at the fag-end of the session, when there was no time for its full discussion. The speech on the amendment to the budget made during his first session (1881) was admirable for its easy grasp of the financial position. It is to be noted also that in those early days (1883) Mr. Rhodes, commenting on a speech of Mr. Hofmeyr at the Bond Congress, made this emphatic declaration: "I have my own views as to the future of South Africa, and I believe in a United States of South Africa, but as a portion of the British Empire."

CHAPTER II

THE GATEWAY TO THE INTERIOR

IF at my first interview with Mr. Rhodes he had not fully revealed his South African policy, it was soon to be disclosed. The spell of the Hinterland was upon him very early in his parliamentary career. This influence of the back country upon politics and politicians in South Africa is an interesting study. One of the ablest members of the Legislative Assembly, Mr. John Patterson, who lost his life in the wreck of the *American* in 1880, used to speak in Parliament of the "Beyond and the Beyond," as if an almost infinite vista was before him of regions in the interior that might be opened to commerce and civilisation. He represented the town of Port Elizabeth, and had studied for years the actual and possible trade routes of the sub-continent. Long before any one else thought of it, he boldly advocated a scheme for railway extension northwards, which was to cost seven millions of money. His ideas, at the time he expounded them, were scarcely deemed worthy of discussion, and were

regarded as wholly visionary. They were destined, however, to be revived and become realities under the inspiring leadership of a greater than John Patterson.

The occasion I have referred to, when Mr. Rhodes was to disclose for the first time, to myself, his great ideas of expansion northwards, was one Sunday morning, when he rode over to my house at Bollihope, as, indeed, he often did, for a free talk upon what was uppermost in his mind. I remember the visit not only by the conversation, but by an incident which, though trivial, impressed me greatly. The groom, who generally took his horse, was absent, and Mr. Rhodes proceeded to draw the rein over the horse's head for the purpose of fastening him to a tree often used for the purpose. While he was doing this the horse raised his foot impatiently and entangled it with the rein, which for a moment had been held carelessly and loosely. The horse was restive and excited and threatened mischief. In a moment Mr. Rhodes met and mastered the position. Disregarding the entanglement at the horse's feet, he unbuckled the rein from the bit, which at once freed the leg. He then swept the rein up again and refastened it to the bit, all in a much

shorter time than it takes me to tell the incident. I thought to myself, "Cecil Rhodes will manage bipeds as well as quadrupeds that way, not at the point where they are fretting, but along the line of least resistance."

It was a glorious day of sunshine, and the Cape light was full and rich, when Mr. Rhodes took one of the seats under the oak tree in front of the house, his favourite spot for a palaver, and opened the conversation. He was in his usual Oxford tweeds, which he had once commended to Mr. Hofmeyr in the House of Assembly as preferable to the black garments invariably worn by the members at the Transvaal Volksraad. He threw himself into a wicker garden-chair with the easy sprawl with which I had already become familiar, but his brow was knit and troubled, which gave notice that the subject about which he had come to talk was worrying him. It was, in fact, the preliminary fight for the great northern expansion. The reader will understand this initial difficulty if he refers to an up-to-date map of Africa. I say up-to-date, because the map of Africa has undergone frequent changes in the last twenty years. Referring to the map, he will find one limb or district of Cape Colony stretching north-

wards from the Orange River towards the Limpopo, or, to be more exact, to a point about a hundred miles south of Vryburg, now a town in Bechuanaland. This district is Griqualand West, the northern division of which, Barkly West, Rhodes elected to represent in the Cape Parliament, for reasons which all will understand. Its interests were identical with those of Kimberley, and it *was the gateway to the interior.*

At the time he came to see me there was a difficulty with the Chief Mankaroane about the boundary which separated his land from the Cape Colony. By an error in a recent survey under the "Keate award" the Colony had taken a portion of Mankaroane's territory, and Mr. Rhodes, already alive to the "open way," had got a Commission appointed to inquire into the matter, and the Commission found that some seventy large farms assigned to the Colony really belonged to Mankaroane.

No wonder Mr. Rhodes was concerned. A glance at the map will show, as we have seen, that these seventy farms formed the gateway, as far as the Colony was concerned, to Central Africa. It was the only part of the colonial boundary stretching beyond the Orange River, where an advance could be made into the interior, and a

wedge driven between the Transvaal and what was afterwards the German territory on the east. The ink was scarcely dry on the report of the Commission before Mr. Rhodes took immediate steps to possess "the gateway." Not a moment was to be lost. He interviewed Mankaroane, and obtained from him a proposal of concession on certain terms, which did not, if my recollection is correct, include any payment for the farms in question. At this very time there was a Dutch freebooting settlement immediately to the north of Mankaroane's territory called Stellaland, which with two others called Goshen and Rooi Grond, not far away, often figure in the story of the northern expansion. The occupants of these settlements were pressing Mankaroane hard to sell the seventy farms to them. It is almost incredible, but Mr. Rhodes succeeded by his mesmeric power in inducing the majority of the Stellalanders to sign a document requesting the Colony to take over their territory.

What followed may be given in the words of "Vindex": "The key of the interior was, as Mr. Rhodes thought, safely secured, and he returned to the Cape exultant; but he had reckoned without the Cape Parliament. A section of these politicians, sunk in parochialism, saw not an inch

beyond the existing Cape Parliament or the present session. Mr. Hofmeyr's followers considered the territory the heritage of the Transvaal. The Cape Parliament declined to accept Mankaroane's offer, and the matter dropped." These words forcibly describe the result of Mr. Rhodes' appeal, but they do not quite accurately represent the attitude of many of the members of Parliament, who, without in any way being influenced by the Bond, declined, on the information they possessed, to follow Mr. Rhodes' lead and to commit themselves to a policy of interference with trans-colonial affairs. They knew not to what it might lead. Mr. Rhodes himself had, of course, a clear idea of what these concessions meant, and deeply resented this first check upon his then half-matured scheme of advancing into the centre of Africa.

The question, troubling but not daunting Mr. Rhodes, and which he wished to discuss with me, was what step should next be taken. But in discussing this minor problem he unfolded for the first time, at least to myself, his great scheme of South African expansion. I never knew Mr. Rhodes until that morning; and to understand how he impressed me, it must be borne in mind that he was then just thirty years of age, with no record of past achievements to suggest such

vast and far-reaching designs. They possessed him both as a vision and at the same time as a practical reality almost within his grasp. Yet no one saw the difficulties more clearly than he did. Irregular settlements, as we have seen, were being effected, which, if once fully organised, would for ever bar the advance of the Colony and the Empire northward. By patient negotiation Mr. Rhodes had overcome these initial difficulties; he had come back with the title-deeds in his pocket, which would make good the first advance, but the Cape Parliament would not accept them. After much talk between us it was resolved, at least for the present, to make no more appeals to the Cape Parliament, but to approach the Imperial Government at the first opportunity, and make it feel the great issues at stake. That opportunity, as the sequel will show, came sooner than either of us anticipated.

But the conversation on that summer morning revealed to me much more than the immediate difficulty in obtaining possession of the territory offered by Mankaroane. It opened up Central Africa from the Cape to the Zambesi and farther still. Mr. Rhodes, when expounding his ideas, always preferred an easy attitude, and, if he could, an inspiring landscape. Settling himself in an

easy garden-chair, with his legs stretched out and his face toward the mountain, he sketched his great programme for occupying the Hinterland, somewhat as follows. He was possessed with the idea that the centre of Africa was the healthiest part of the continent, at least for a long way north. Central Africa had a sort of backbone which, once possessed, would dominate the continent. "Give me the centre," he said, "and let who will have the swamps which skirt the coast." He was not unmindful, however, as we shall find directly, of the importance of coast ports as a means of connecting the "backbone" with the rest of the world. But the best part of the country to occupy for development and expansion was the plateau in the centre. He had every reason to believe there were minerals there and abundance of land suitable for cattle and cultivation. To this central plateau it was of the utmost importance that the Cape Colony should, *ab initio*, be linked, with the Empire at its back. Spite of his talking on one occasion of "eliminating the imperial factor"—by which Mr. Rhodes meant eliminating the direct action of Downing Street as opposed to imperial influence through colonial administration—he was really as true as steel to the said "factor," and

in more than one crisis of his life risked much in adhering to it. Mr. Rhodes, however, at that time laid more stress on the colonial than the imperial aspect of the northern expansion, in order to gain support from the Colony, for he saw clearly the necessity of continuity of territory if Great Britain was to be the paramount power in South Africa. He also dwelt eagerly upon the opening for South African produce which such an expansion would afford. It would be a calamity, he said, if the British Colonies were hide-bound by the lateral extension of the Transvaal.

All this he expounded to me and much more. In the course of the conversation I remarked that the Transvaal, from its geographical position, might well claim unoccupied northern territory as its own. "Yes," he replied, "that is true; but the Transvaal would mean Kruger, with his narrow and exclusive ideas of government. His government is not fit for expansion in Central Africa. Kruger is fitted to be ruler of a purely pastoral people; his ideas are not comprehensive enough to deal with the problem of an expanding civilisation. True," he continued, "the Dutchman has a genius for trekking and forming new settlements—much more so than the English-

man; but his conceptions are too narrow for organised movements and governments. But, mind you," he added, "when the Dutchmen are thoroughly trained in the working of representative institutions, and have more experience of public affairs and what we may call civilised life, they will make splendid pioneers and splendid citizens."

But it was evident to me from the conversation of that morning that a double movement was contemplated by Mr. Rhodes in his scheme for the occupation of Central Africa. The first has been already named, viz. the expansion through colonial territory; the second was what may be called a flank movement, to be effected by the possession and occupation of Delagoa Bay. At that time, this was a material feature of Mr. Rhodes' advance into Central Africa, and as it never came to anything, I may relate at once what I came to know about it afterwards. In association with Lord Rothschild, Mr. Rhodes was actively engaged in a scheme for the purchase of Delagoa Bay from the Portuguese Government. As far as I can remember, the proposals were twofold. The first was the out-and-out purchase of the finest port in Eastern Africa with its surrounding territory; the second,

provided this proved impracticable, the purchase of the business of the port, with the railway into the interior. These negotiations promised well as far as the Portuguese Government were concerned. Some time after the interview I am describing, I found Mr. Rhodes in his house at Groote Schuur in a state of great excitement. He took me into his study and said; "I am hourly expecting a cable from Lord Rothschild announcing the completion of the negotiations for the purchase of Delagoa Bay. Everything seems going favourably." The negotiations hung fire, however, and as I subsequently took some part in them, I am able to give the reason for their failure. I was visiting England shortly after the interview just described, and Mr. Rhodes asked me to interview the Minister for Foreign Affairs and see how things were going on, and whether other proposals, if those already made were not acceptable, could be submitted. The negotiations, of course, were conducted through the British Government, as the new territory would, *ex necessitate*, have been transferred to the British Crown if purchased by the capitalists. I accordingly had an interview with the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs (Mr. Stanhope, I think), and Sir Gordon Sprigg was, I believe, with me. The Minis-



Photo: T. D. Ravenscroft

GROOTE SCHUUR FROM THE GARDENS

ter informed me that the Portuguese Government were then in considerable financial difficulty, and were in favour of the sale; but that they feared the displeasure of the people, if such important possessions were disposed of—in fact, feared a revolution. A curious glimpse was then afforded me of European politics and diplomacy. Certain Governments in Europe came to know of these negotiations, and that a revolution in Portugal was feared if the negotiations were completed. But these Governments were in fear of revolutionary tendencies in their own countries, and addressed friendly remonstrances to the British Government against a step which might influence their own people. I will not name these countries, nor the contents of the despatches, as far as I was made aware of them, but they were in the nature of a warning that a shot once fired in Portugal might excite other European democracies. In this way a scheme that promised much was thwarted.

It is useless to conjecture what would have been the history of South Africa if these negotiations had been successful, and Delagoa Bay had become, what it ought to have been years before, a British possession. Suffice it to say it would probably have influenced and controlled

events in the sub-continent much more than an advance in the centre. Ready communication with the commerce and life of the outer world is of as much moment to a state as its internal expansion. The probability is that had the British flag been hoisted at Lorenzo Marques, British control, with all it means, would have been firmly established and the struggle for political freedom in the Transvaal unnecessary. It is not, however, desirable to pursue such reflections, for, as history has shaped itself, great results by other means have been achieved, in the formation of a true South African nation under the British flag. It is as well, therefore, with regard to things that might have been, but were not, to fall back on Carlyle's dictum, "We must all be fatalists about the things of yesterday." But to come back to the conversation: when Mr. Rhodes put together the two movements for the possession of Central Africa, he showed the kind of excitement with which I afterwards became familiar. Speaking in a sort of falsetto voice, he contemplated the success of both movements—an advance along the centre from Griqualand West and laterally from the harbour on the eastern coast. He dwelt with eagerness upon the changes in the interior of Africa which would

be brought about. Barbarism, he said, had held sway in Central Africa for thousands of years, and it was time it was supplanted by civilisation. "What sort of a civilisation do you propose?" I said, half in jest; "will it be that which employs gunpowder and Cape smoke as its agents —in other words, the introduction of the vicious habits of the old country?" "No," he said; "nor do I want the natives to ape European dress or cover themselves with a veneer of sanctity. I want them to learn to work, to feed and clothe themselves decently, to show some concern for each other's welfare, and ultimately to come into 'affairs.'" This last was a characteristic phrase. He was wont to speak of the endless plannings and schemings for the acquisition and distribution of wealth and the bettering and organisation of life as "affairs." He often dwelt on the new meanings the word had acquired in modern days. The old division of bread-winners into tradesmen and merchants and those who followed the recognised professions no longer sufficed. Mr. Rhodes rather despised the military genius, or rather the want of genius, on the part of military authorities during the last twenty years. He declared that the brains of a family which used to go into the army and the

Church now went into "affairs." When he spoke of coming into affairs being part of native civilisation, however, he did not mean that they would become members of the Stock Exchange, or the big trusts, or other innumerable financial associations, but rather as signifying the power of conducting transactions and affairs in general as distinguished from a vagrant, purposeless existence, which was always associated with cruelty and a low form of human development. It was perhaps the view of a millionaire, but a millionaire with a wide knowledge of human life, savage and civilised.

After Mr. Rhodes had finished his talk of nearly two hours' duration, and had disappeared on his horse along the avenue, I sat musing on what he had revealed to me and on the man himself. He was going to be a power in South Africa, that was certain even then. I was familiar with the great explorers and the great trekkers who, "under hoop and tilt," had explored the desert and made settlements in the interior of Africa, but I had never before been in contact with a man who dreamed of a great peaceful expansion into the heart of Africa, with literally no assistance at that time from other men or even from favouring circumstances. Was it, I asked myself,

the mere personal ambition, or what was it, that led him on ? but I did not attempt to answer the question. Who shall gauge, I said to myself, the conceptions of such men, or judge of their motives ? Do they know what they are themselves ? Beneath what you "seem to be" lies what you think you are, and beneath that again lies "what you are indeed." Who has answered these questions in estimating the careers of great men, even in a single instance ? To say, as I have often heard affirmed, that Mr. Rhodes was inspired by a mere vulgar personal ambition to write Rhodes on the map of Africa and the deeds of Rhodes in its history, was to my mind utterly absurd. No one who knew him, even superficially, could entertain such a conception. It was evident to any one who came within hearing and touch of his musings, and almost of his soliloquies, that he had no mere vulgar dreams of personal aggrandisement. He was ever possessed with ideas, greater than ordinary working schemes and transcending his experience. He habitually carried about with him a wide horizon, and saw even minute questions of policy and experience in a large atmosphere.

I was once taking a drive with him through the veldt in Kimberley in a Cape cart when, after

some minutes of silence, he said: "I intend that every diamond that is dug out of the De Beers Mine shall be cut here in Kimberley, ready for the jeweller." "What, then," I said, "would become of the Amsterdam cutters, who represent a great European industry?" "Bring them out here," he replied, and lapsed into silence. No matter what scheme or issue was in his mind, it broadened into something larger before he had done with it. With the opening of his manhood Rhodes was brought face to face with the Hinterland of South Africa. He was always deeply moved with the physical features of the country—with the vast open spaces and clear lights—with the veldt, with its endless tracts and pure free air, and the mountains, rising in ranges out of the desert, holding light and shade in "charmed masses." This sense of largeness and beauty was always with him. Many of Mr. Rhodes' friends will remember how impatient he was if, when in familiar conversation on the stoep of Groote Schuur, no matter on what subject, a visitor sat with his back to the mountain, he would often get up and turn his visitor's chair with the remark, "See what you are losing," and this not with any affected airs, but with the utmost simplicity and naturalness. More of these characteristics will appear as my

narrative proceeds, but I desire the reader to bear with him the impressions I had formed of Cecil Rhodes at that early stage of our intimacy, namely, that while he had obviously a genius for handling detail as few men could, and was always organising, he yet lived in a world of romance. He had come to Africa just at the right time to develop its unknown resources and his own genius. Europe, with its old civilisation, and traditions, had for ages exhausted the resources of great statesmen and thinkers. America had already passed the stage of absorbing into one great nationality the half-formed "territories" which had gradually fitted themselves for self-government. In all that constituted the higher civilisation she was well abreast of Europe, and in some respects surpassed it. Asia was still occupied with its mystic cults, while its half-petrified civilisations were just waking to the life of the West. Neither of these parts of the world presented openings for the work of a great pioneer; but along the centre of Africa there were vast territories given over to savage life, with its waste of nature and its contempt of human life. "It is inevitable fate," Mr. Rhodes once said to me, "that all this should be changed; and I should like to be the agent of fate."

I must now revert to the position of affairs described in the conversation between Mr. Rhodes and myself, and to the steps taken to secure the British Protectorate over the territory which the Colony had refused to take over. It was the imperial shield that protected the advance when the Colony failed; and I have pointed out that the opportunity of appealing for such protection came sooner than could have been anticipated. Although it may involve some repetition, it may be as well to describe what took place in Mr. Rhodes' own words. Speaking in public, some time after the conversation already recorded, of his having obtained the concession of Mankaroane's territory, then besieged by the Boers, he said: "This would have given the Cape Colony the key of the interior as far as Mafeking, and I returned to the meeting of the Cape Parliament satisfied that I had done something; but I was mistaken as to the elements I had to deal with. Cape politics were then very localised, and the mist of Table Mountain covered all. They repudiated the robbery of Mankaroane's territory, and they declined the cession, and the question has been allowed to slide. I returned home disappointed and disgusted; and it was at that time that I began to acquire my admiration for the

man who was then ruling the Transvaal—I mean "Oom Paul"—for had he not conceived the noble scheme, from his point of view, of seizing the interior, of stretching his republic across to Walfisch Bay, of making the Cape Colony hide-bound, and of ultimately seizing Delagoa Bay—and all this without a sixpence in his Treasury? From my humble point of view, I felt I was embarking in a project without an atom of support at my back; but in my despair a fortunate change of circumstances occurred. His Excellency the High Commissioner, with whom I was then utterly unacquainted, had grasped the fact that if Bechuanaland was lost to us, British development in Africa was at an end. He persuaded Lord Derby to deal with the Bechuanaland question, and induced Sir Thomas Scanlen, the then Prime Minister of the Cape, to share in the obligations of the undertaking. If the much despised Sir Thomas Scanlen had not taken this responsibility, Bechuanaland would have passed to the Transvaal, as Lord Derby was neutral on the question."

Mr. Rhodes here gives the outline of what transpired, but he omits some necessary details. Lord Derby's first offer was to assume control of the territory referred to, on condition that the Cape Colony should pay half the cost. A second

time, however, the Cape Parliament declined the offer, although it was more favourably regarded than his own proposals. Mr. Rhodes was then almost in despair, and seemed inclined to retire from public life. The British Government also considered the incident closed, and informed the native chiefs, Mankaroane and Montsoia, that they could not support them against the Dutch filibusters, but that they would afford them refuge if they fled across the border! But a sudden change came over the British Government. The German flag had been hoisted on the coast of Damaraland, and those series of events happened which led to the final establishment of a German colony on the West Coast of Africa. The British Government now adopted a decided policy, and in February 1884 proclaimed a British Protectorate over the lands in question. In the interval, however, between these two decisions the position had become formidable and difficult. During the year 1883 two Boer Republics had been proclaimed by the freebooters, or volunteers, as they called themselves, at Stellaland and Goshen, and the land occupied by Mankaroane and Montsoia parcelled out into farms and already occupied.

At the time of the British proclamation just referred to, Mr. Kruger and his assistants were on

a visit to England, and were setting forth certain grievances to the British Government and negotiating the "Convention of London," and I believe that on the very day that treaty was ratified the Protectorate proclamation was issued. The "Convention" contained or retained the lever by which the new Republics were to be upset.

While relieving the Transvaal of certain burdens and obligations imposed by the Convention of Pretoria, it defined afresh the boundaries of the Transvaal, and contained the proviso that the Transvaal Government would strictly adhere to these boundaries, and "will do its utmost to prevent any of its inhabitants from making any encroachments upon lands beyond the said boundaries." It further provided that commissioners from both Governments were to be appointed to prevent these encroachments. By this proclamation the key to the interior was committed to the safe keeping of the Imperial Government, as indeed the key to many vital positions in South Africa had often passed into the same custody in critical times. But, as we shall see, the Convention and the diplomacy would alike have failed but for the expedition of Sir Charles Warren, with its necessary backing of physical force.

It is matter of history that Mr. Mackenzie, a distinguished missionary, well known for the firmness of his character and his distrust of the methods of the Dutch farmers, particularly in their dealings with the natives, was appointed by the British Government as the Deputy Commissioner for carrying out the provisions of the Protectorate proclamation. Mr. Mackenzie had a double-edged instruction from Sir Hercules Robinson. He was instructed that if the white inhabitants of the so-called Republic of Stellaland could not be expelled, and if the farms did not seriously encroach on native land, the grants already issued might be recognised, but provision must be made for administration. The Republic of Goshen was, however, differently dealt with. The country had never been really occupied by the volunteers to whom it had been assigned, and the land left to Montsoia by convention was so limited that no portion of it could be alienated. "You may therefore," wrote Sir Hercules, "find yourself obliged to order the ejectment of the persons now trespassing on Rooi Grond."

Mr. Mackenzie got on very well with the Stellalanders, but fared badly with the men of Rooi Grond. They treated his proclamation with contempt, and continued to ravage Montsoia's

country. Mr. Mackenzie then issued a proclamation, declaring both Goshen and Stellaland to be British territory. This was going rather beyond the instructions of the High Commissioner; it set the country ablaze, and, in fact, brought Mr. Mackenzie's mission to an end. It may be said on Mr. Mackenzie's behalf that although he failed at a critical time, it was with the Rooi Gronders, who also subsequently defied, with equal roughness, Mr. Rhodes' attempt at a conciliatory settlement, while Mr. Mackenzie was denied, until it was too late, the physical support for which he appealed to the Government, and on which Mr. Rhodes was obliged ultimately to fall back, in spite of his very capable diplomacy and of his social conquest of Groot Adrian. I was, at this time, in frequent communication both with Mr. Rhodes and Sir Hercules on the position in the north after Mr. Mackenzie's failure. The High Commissioner took the most serious view of it, and thought that, spite of the proclamation, we should have to retire. The Transvaal Government was evidently giving its whole support to the Dutch settlers, disregarding the Convention of London. Mr. Rhodes, on the other hand, was eager and confident of ultimate success, and, when he was requested to step into Mr. Mackenzie's vacant

shoes, was impatient to start and cross swords with Kruger himself, for he knew that Kruger was at the back of the difficulty. On arriving at Bechuanaland in August 1884, Mr. Rhodes found the Republics in full swing. The Rooi Gronders were attacking the natives and taking possession of Montsoia's territory, encouraged and supported by Piet Joubert with a Transvaal commando not far off. Mr. Rhodes threw himself boldly into the work, and commenced by driving to the farm of that famous giant, Groot Adrian Delarey. Mr. Rhodes often talked of this well-known adventure. Arriving in his Cape cart early in the morning, he was met on the stoep of the farmhouse by Delarey himself. "When I first spoke to him," said Mr. Rhodes, "his answer was, 'Blood must flow'; to which I remember making the retort, 'No; give me my breakfast, and then we can talk about blood.'" This was making an appeal for hospitality which the stiffest Dutchman could hardly refuse. "I had my breakfast," said Mr. Rhodes, "stayed with him for a week, became godfather to his grandchild, and we made a settlement." Many have marvelled at this adventure, but not those who knew Mr. Rhodes.

Van Niekerk, the head man of the new Republic, was next visited, and with like success.

The Stellalanders were won over and an agreement made with the freebooters. Ownership of farms already registered was guaranteed. The Government was even temporarily recognised and vested *pro tem.* in Van Niekerk and the Boer burghers; but the acts of the Government were not to be valid until approved by the British Deputy Commissioner.

So far all was going well, but Mr. Rhodes then went on to Goshen, where Piet Joubert had been at work as a Transvaal Commissioner "to restore order!" watching, but not interfering with, the Stellaland settlement. The trade route to the interior, Joubert reasoned, would still be blocked if the Rooi Gronders stood firm. They did stand firm, and Joubert, setting aside the London Convention, declared the country to be Transvaal territory. He divided Montsoia's land amongst the Boers, leaving only ten farms for the deposed chief and his people. At this stage Mr. Kruger issued a proclamation, "proclaiming and ordaining" the native chiefs to be under the protection of the South African Republic. The proclamation was, however, provisionally made with a show of deference to the London Convention.

Mr. Rhodes, finding he could do nothing further

after warning the Rooi Grond authorities that they were confiscating land and were fighting tribes under the Queen's protection, packed up his traps and left for Cape Town, to make way, as the sequel shows, for Sir Charles Warren.

The scene now shifts to Cape Town. On the 18th of September 1884, I received a note from the High Commissioner asking for an immediate call at Government House on urgent business. I obeyed the summons without delay, and was informed by his Excellency that a military expedition for Bechuanaland under Sir Charles Warren was nearly ready to start, but that the English Ministers were hesitating at the last moment, and that unless he were backed up by some demonstration of feeling from the Cape Colony, he feared it would never start. I told his Excellency that the loyal colonists held the opinion strongly that a dangerous infringement of the Convention of London was threatened, and that there would be an immediate and warm response to any proposal for such a demonstration, and that I would see to it immediately. I was not mistaken. A public meeting was speedily summoned at the Exchange, Cape Town, at which Mr. J. W. Leonard made a most eloquent and powerful speech on the danger

of allowing the Convention of London to be disregarded. With the assistance of Mr. Leonard I drew up the following resolutions, which were unanimously and enthusiastically adopted by the meeting:—

(1.) "That the intervention of her Majesty's Government in Bechuanaland for the maintenance of the trade route to the interior and the preservation of native tribes to whom promises of imperial protection have been given is an act dictated by the urgent claims of humanity, no less than by the necessities of a wise and far-seeing policy."

(2.) "That any failure on the part of her Majesty's Government to maintain its just rights under the Convention of London would be fatal to British supremacy in South Africa."

The demonstration took its effect in England almost immediately. In the beginning of October Sir Charles Warren was appointed Special Commissioner, and given authority to "take an expeditionary force into Bechuanaland, in order to remove the filibusters, to pacificate the country, to reinstate the natives in their land, and to take such measures as are necessary to prevent depredations, and finally to hold the country until its further destination is known."

On December 4 of the same year, Sir Charles Warren landed with his force at Cape Town, and, proceeding up country, encamped on the Vaal River with a well-equipped force, which, with the addition of fifteen hundred colonial volunteers, made a total of four thousand men.

Meantime diplomacy had been at work, and with such a backing had an easy task and an easy triumph. At the same time that the expedition started from England the High Commissioner demanded from Mr. Kruger the withdrawal of the annexation proclamation on the ground that it was a contravention of Article 4 of the London Convention. This demand was immediately complied with; and a meeting was arranged between Sir Charles Warren, President Kruger, and Mr. Rhodes, who was already back to complete the work so rudely interrupted. Mr. Kruger was most anxious to prevent the farther advance of Sir Charles Warren's force, and he moved about the country urging the people not to resist or harass it. At the meeting just referred to, which took place at "Fourteen Streams," on the border of Griqualand West, in the Transvaal, Mr. Rhodes severely criticised Piet Joubert for his interference with the settlement, declared he was the cause of all the

mischief, and asked why he was not there to answer for his conduct. Mr. Kruger was apologetic and evasive, and took refuge in the idea of a past that could not be recalled and a future still available. All that Great Britain asked for was readily granted, and the Transvaal Government, with its proclamation and commando, was swept out of the way, leaving Sir Charles and Mr. Rhodes with a free hand to deal with the freebooters of Goshen, Rooi Grond, and Stellaland.

Sir Charles Warren's expedition, from a military point of view, was a complete success. No opposition was raised to the occupation of Bechuanaland. Sir Charles wrote me a private note saying that there were gatherings of Boers in his front and rear, of whose movements he was kept informed, but that by keeping his force in movement and well on the alert he prevented hostile feeling from coming to a head. In a paper read to the Colonial Institute on his return to England, Sir Charles said there was every intention to fight on the part of the filibusters and on the part of those who sympathised with them; but when they found that we were prepared at all points, they did not know how to commence. They received no provocation, and they simply retired before us and

disappeared. This was due in a great measure to the rapidity with which the troops were organised, disciplined, and drilled and marched up country." I showed the letter of Sir C. Warren, just referred to, to Sir Gordon Sprigg, and, I think, to Mr. Rhodes. They neither of them believed, however, that the filibusters ever had any serious intention of fighting the British troops. Nevertheless, I was subsequently satisfied from General Warren's own statements, as he passed through Cape Town, that there were grounds for his opinion.

But Sir Charles Warren was more successful as a soldier than as a diplomatist. It is well known that there was a prolonged and unpleasant controversy between Mr. Rhodes and himself as to the terms of the settlement. Rhodes insisted that his own arrangement, to the effect that the titles of the Dutch settlers should remain undisturbed, except in those instances where they had been forfeited by violent conduct, should be confirmed. As a representative of the British Government he had pledged the settlers to this course, which he afterwards defended in Parliament in these words: "I remember," he said, "when a youngster, reading in my English History, of the supremacy of my country and

of its annexations, that there were two cardinal axioms—first, that the word of the nation, when once pledged, was never broken, and that when a man accepted the citizenship of the British Empire there was no distinction between races. It has been my misfortune, in one year, to meet with the breach of the one and the proposed breach of the other." Sir Charles Warren at first accepted the view of Mr. Rhodes, and then departed from it, intending to supersede the Dutch with British settlers. He also arrested and imprisoned Van Niekerk, the head of the Stellalanders, who had been most loyal to a conciliatory policy, "on a charge never seriously made and ultimately abandoned." He regarded the Rhodes settlement as cancelled by subsequent events, and intended only to get Kruger and the Transvaal Government out of the way. I heard much of this dispute from the lips both of Sir C. Warren and Mr. Rhodes, and I am bound to say that in my judgment Mr. Rhodes was in the right and Sir Charles in the wrong. There was something in Sir Charles, to use an expressive phrase, a little "cranky." He was upright, but crotchety; and I should like here to record that Sir Sidney Shippard, the first Administrator of Bechuanaland, who at first was

inclined to favour the idea of British settlers superseding the Dutch, quite changed his opinion, and in my presence declared to Mr. Rhodes that he (Mr. Rhodes) was entirely in the right, and he (Sir Sidney) in the wrong. He believed that the attempt to create a purely British settlement would have been an entire failure, and indeed, subsequently, he had been disappointed at the small number of Englishmen who settled in Bechuanaland. Mr. Rhodes held that it was absurd and unwise to treat the Dutch settlers as criminals, and much better to make them good citizens of the Empire. Sir Charles Warren, however, as far as the military occupation is concerned, deserved every credit for its success. He left the country on excellent terms with most of the inhabitants, and with the regrets of many of the Dutch farmers—possibly, as some one suggested, because he paid well for his supplies. But for Sir Charles the route to the interior would never have been kept open.

When Sir Charles arrived at Cape Town on his way home in September 1885, I, as senior member for the city of Cape Town, presented him, on behalf of the citizens, with a shield, in acknowledgment of his services. Several thousands assembled in Green Market Square, in the



Photo: Edwards, Claremont, C.C.

GROOTE SCHUUR: THE DINING-ROOM

centre of Cape Town, and the General had a most enthusiastic reception. Mr. Rhodes felt and resented Sir Charles' conduct to himself so deeply, that he was very angry with me for performing this service for my constituents. He wired down to Cape Town that I was "burning incense to Warren, and that he would never speak to me again." When he returned to Cape Town, however, he sent me an invitation to dinner to "help him consume a salmon" which had been sent in the ice from Europe. I accepted, of course, and over the salmon and the wine and the politics of the future, Sir Charles and the shield were forgotten—in fact, they were never mentioned.

CHAPTER III

THE GREAT EXPANSION

HAVING described the preliminary steps, I must now follow Mr. Rhodes in his great northern expansion, and try to estimate what it meant to the Colony and the Empire, and what it meant of brain-work and toil to Mr. Rhodes and those who shared his labours. These preliminary steps ultimately secured to the Colony what Mr. Rhodes, as we have already noted, called the key or the gateway to the Hinterland—that is, the large slice of country now called Bechuanaland, equal in area to the Free State and the Transvaal put together. This territory, however, was not what was subsequently named Rhodesia, although it stretched towards and made Rhodesia possible. In one of his speeches Mr. Rhodes has given a lively description of an interview with his Excellency the Governor and High Commissioner, Sir Hercules Robinson, in which he shadows forth his idea of expansion. "We are now," said Mr. Rhodes, "at latitude 22°." Sir Hercules responded, "And what a trouble it has been. Where do you mean to

stop?" "I said, 'I will stop where the country has not been claimed.' His Excellency said, 'Let us look at the map.' And I showed him that my scheme extended to the southern border of Tanganyika. He was a little upset. I said, 'The powers at home marked the map and did nothing,' adding, 'Let us try to mark the map, and we all know we shall do something.' 'Well,' said Sir Hercules, 'I think you should be satisfied with the Zambesi as a boundary.' I replied, 'Let us take a piece of notepaper, and let us measure from the Block House at Cape Town to the Vaal River; that is the individual effort of the people. Now,' I said, 'let us measure what you have done in your temporary existence, and then we will finish up by measuring my imaginings.' We took a piece of notepaper and measured the efforts (advances) of the country since the Dutch occupied and founded it. We measured what he had done in his life, and then we measured my imaginings, and his Excellency, who is no longer with us, said, 'I will leave you alone.'" Here, in brief, is Mr. Rhodes and his dream. In his somewhat clumsy but expressive sentences you have the outline, half clear but half in mist, of his great scheme. Half in mist because he claims a boundary only to be determined

by "non-occupation," and that same indefiniteness is embodied in the charter which subsequently authorised and legalised the dreams.

In this dialogue we have forcibly represented, not only the eager visions of Mr. Rhodes, but the conservative instincts of the home Government, following the great pioneer timidly and reluctantly, but nevertheless always "holding the shield" when it was wanted.

But Mr. Rhodes' schemes went much further than the extension of territory. He proposed, as it will hereafter appear, to connect Northern and Southern Africa by a railway and telegraph, and to gain thereby an immense advantage to whatever territory might be acquired. From Cape to Cairo ultimately became the watchword of the advance, and he threw into this feature of it all the energy of his nature and a considerable portion of his fortune during the closing years of his life. When he was negotiating for the capitalisation of his interest as a director of De Beers, he exclaimed, "I am quite poor. I want money badly, not for myself, but for my railway and telegraph." He held that these were the two absolutely necessary factors of a permanent expansion. "The railway is my right hand," he said, "and the telegraph my speech—my voice."

He did not believe in these agencies merely because they made the countries accessible, but because they would bind the old and new countries together, and ultimately connect them with the seaboard east and west, and would also connect civilisation with barbarism.

As to the commercial aspects of the railway, Mr. Rhodes writes: "Every one supposes that the railway is being built with the only object that the 'human being' may be able to get in at Cairo and get out at Cape Town. This is, of course, ridiculous. The object is to cut South Africa through the centre, and the railway will pick up trade all through the route. The junctions to the east and west coasts, which will occur in the future, will be outlets for the traffic obtained along the route of the line as it passes through the centre. . . . We propose now to go on and cross the centre just below the Victoria Falls. I should like to have the spray of the water over the carriages."

The touch of romance in the last few words is characteristic of Mr. Rhodes. I was one day lunching at Groote Schuur when one of Mr. Rhodes' engineers, on leave for his health, was his guest. Mr. Rhodes eagerly questioned him on this very point. "Would the spray," he asked, "ever

splash the train as it crossed the Zambesi near the Falls?" "That would depend," was the reply, "on the way the wind was blowing." "But if it blew the right way, would it?" "Certainly it might, and probably would," was the reply. "Oh, that is delightful," said Mr. Rhodes.

Let no one think that Mr. Rhodes did not know where he was going when he launched his great railway scheme to link north and south. He knew Africa from the Mediterranean to Cape Point as no one else knew it. I was myself deeply interested in the work of the great explorers of the Dark Continent, and when I was editor of the *Argus* in 1866, had unearthed an old book in which the position of the equatorial lakes and their connection with the Nile was displayed in a rough engraving. This, of course, anticipated the subsequent discoveries of Speke, Grant, and Baker. But my knowledge was as nothing compared to that of Mr. Rhodes, who was brimful of information of the physical features of the country, and of its inhabitants, from the forests of the Knysna to the "light soil" which Lord Salisbury had spoken of as graciously conceded to the French. He knew its lakes, rivers, and mountains, its pigmies and giants, and he knew of the thousands of square miles given over

for many centuries to the brutal orgies of cannibals. Mr. Sauer, a distinguished member of the Cape Parliament, will remember one summer morning years ago, when he held the same position in Mr. Rhodes' administration as he does now with Mr. Merriman, when I gave him a call in a casual way without any particular errand. It was one of those scorching summer days when no one seemed inclined for work, or, indeed, to go out of doors. The cabs stood in ranks in the middle of Adderly Street without customers, and old Table Mountain rose like a huge, shadowless wall in the blazing noontide heat. To tell the truth, I strolled into the Secretary's office simply for a chat. We talked lazily, and conversation flagged. Suddenly, pointing to a large map of Africa hung on the office wall, Mr. Sauer exclaimed, "Let us fetch Rhodes and get him on to the map." Mr. Rhodes, apparently as unoccupied as ourselves, came into the room, and he did get on to the map, and the trouble was to get him or ourselves away from it. He discoursed for a full hour on the "land and its people" and his own schemes. We soon forgot the heat under the spell of his enthusiasm. Pointing with his finger, he described the then proposed route of his railway from Ujiji to Victoria Nyanza, and

thence through the Lake Rudolph district along the Abyssinian highlands to the "Blue Nile." He then dwelt on the districts which promised traffic for his railway and telegraph, mentioning especially, if I remember rightly, Western Abyssinia, where the population was very thick and, to a certain extent, under the influence of the Mohammedan civilisation. He described his railway and telegraph scheme as a great trunk line with many branches, or, to use Mr. Grogan's succinct summary of it, as "the vertebræ and spinal cord which would direct, consolidate, and give life to the numerous systems that would eventually connect the vast central highroad with the seas."

The railway and telegraph routes described, Mr. Rhodes brought us back to Tanganyika, the great inland sea to which his territory was to stretch, and to the equatorial lakes and the vast spaces of water and the "turmoil of hills" with which they were surrounded. He seemed fascinated by the half barbaric chivalry of the Arab tribes of which Lake Tanganyika was a sort of centre. I was interested, for I had met Tippu Tib, the great leader of the Arab banditti, in company with Stanley, by whom he had been caught and fairly caged. Stanley, to suit Tippu's Arab instinct, had made him Defender of the Stanley

Falls! I had heard, from the great discoverer, what blood had been shed in the Arab raids for every elephant's tusk that had been made into the billiard balls and paper cutters of civilisation.

So far I have only given a bare outline of the expansion scheme. But the outline must now be filled up, or the stupendous task Mr. Rhodes set himself to achieve will not be understood. The vast territory Mr. Rhodes coveted, and which he called "unclaimed" because, in the partition of Africa by the European Powers, it had not apparently been marked off as eligible for settlement, was now mostly occupied by powerful chiefs, who must be squared or conquered before an advance could be made. It was obvious that the advance must be an organised one, and not a mere raid of filibusters, each one working for his own hand. It must also, he held, be a responsible advance, with civilised methods which could be recognised and ultimately accepted by the Imperial Government. Last, but not least, the great trek must be adequately financed. The story of the accomplishment of these great schemes is, to a great extent, the story of Mr. Rhodes' public life.

The first great stretch of territory to be secured and afterwards acquired for settlement was occupied

by the Matabele and Mashona tribes. The far-famed Lobengula was the king of the former and ruler of the Mashonas and Malagas, whom he had brought into a condition bordering on slavery. Now Lobengula had many suitors. There were rumours of mineral wealth in his country, and he was besieged for liberty to prospect. Sir Charles Warren, in May 1885, had information that the Boers were extremely anxious to get a footing in Mashonaland, and that the Germans and Portuguese were working to the same end. Mr. Rhodes knew it too, and much more. The "quiet working," amongst other devices, included the sending of all sorts of presents to the king, such as, I am sorry to say, guns, cartridges, and wines. It was said by a cynic that Lobengula had champagne enough sent him to float a man-of-war. At all events he had severe attacks of gout, and Dr. Jameson subsequently found favour in his sight by curing him of that complaint. Besides these items there were sent to Lobengula in shape of presents such articles as opera hats and umbrellas!

Mr. Rhodes' first "deal" with Lobengula was a master stroke of diplomacy. On Sir Hercules Robinson declining to make any treaty with Lobengula "involving responsibility," he sug-

gested a "negative arrangement," which answered the same purpose, to the effect that Lobengula should pledge himself "not to enter into any correspondence or treaty with any foreign power, and not to sell or alienate any part of his territory without the sanction of the High Commissioner." Again the imperial shield was held over a stage of the advance, and Mr. J. S. Moffat, Assistant British Commissioner in Bechuanaland, was sent to Lobengula to ratify the agreement. Mr. Moffat informed me that the chief declared he was glad to receive him as a sort of protector against his other suitors, who were harassing him continually. Mr. Moffat's position was by no means a pleasant one, and he had to comport himself very warily. I have heard from his own lips amusing accounts of his experiences. Questioned by me as to the character of Lobengula, Mr. Moffat informed me the great chief was accustomed to sit daily on the back of a waggon to dispense justice. Most of his decisions seemed to him equitable, but were sometimes accompanied with frightful acts of barbarity, particularly in the punishment of children.

By this first strategic move Mr. Rhodes had fairly baffled Lobengula's suitors and established preferential relations with the king of the country

he sought. The suitors, however, by no means gave up their attentions, Mr. Kruger himself, in spite of the London Convention, appearing on the scene.

A further step was taken in July 1888, having very important results, for, "with other concessions and interests, it formed the basis on which the British South Africa Company was launched." This was the concession by Lobengula of all mining rights in his territory for £100 per month and a large supply of rifles and ammunition. Messrs. Rudd, Rochfort Maguire, and F. R. Thompson acted as Commissioners in the transaction, but Mr. Rhodes was, of course, the moving spirit. Messrs. Rhodes, Beit, and Rudd appear as a syndicate at the back of the concession, but the first-named gentlemen themselves visited Lobengula to obtain it. A story told me, I think it was by Mr. Rudd, will illustrate the perils incident to the position of guests at the stronghold of a savage chief. Every movement of the party was watched by the young bloods of the tribe, by night and by day, and one morning one of the party went without clothes to have a morning dip in a stream which flowed just outside the kraal. He took with him some red tooth-powder, and after his dip proceeded with the usual mouth

ablution, which unfortunately reddened the stream. Instantly the watchers seized on him, and, conducting him in a nude condition to Lobengula, insisted on his condign punishment for bewitching water! Explanation was of course given by his companions, who came to the rescue, but the offence was most seriously regarded, and the release of the prisoner obtained with difficulty.

While these preparations were being taken in the territory to be acquired, others more momentous were arresting attention at the base of operations. Two events in particular transpired, having apparently no connection with each other, but really in vital relation. On the 13th of March 1888 the amalgamation of the Mining Company was effected by Mr. Cecil Rhodes, under the title of De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited. In April of the following year proposals were laid before the Imperial Government for the formation of a company to develop the Bechuanaland Protectorate and the territories lying to the north, and intimation was given that a royal charter would be applied for—first, to extend northwards the railway and telegraph system in the direction of the Zambesi; secondly, to encourage emigration and colonisation; thirdly, to

promote trade and commerce; fourthly, to develop and work mineral and other concessions under the management of one powerful organisation; at the same time securing to the native chiefs and their subjects the rights reserved to them under such concessions. In November of the same year the British South Africa Company obtained its charter.

Mr. Rhodes had much to say to me about these two events—the relation between De Beers amalgamation and the founding of the Chartered Company. The "powerful organisation" referred to was the group which had applied for the charter, and which Mr. Rhodes had succeeded in forming, with a capital, at that time, of one million sterling.

The scene at Kimberley on the night when the amalgamation of the Diamond Fields Companies was agreed to between the two persons chiefly concerned—Mr. Rhodes and Barney Barnato—has become historic. There was an "all-night sitting" over the terms and conditions, and it was not until four o'clock in the morning that an agreement was arrived at. The delay arose from the persistence of Mr. Rhodes in maintaining the condition that the surplus funds of the diamond industry, if any, accruing to the amal-

gamated companies might be available for his northern expansion scheme. Mr. Barnato contended, not unnaturally, that it was a strictly business company, and that the surplus funds were the property of the shareholders. Mr. Rhodes, taking a wider view, maintained that it was perfectly legitimate for a company, as for an individual, who acquired great wealth out of African soil, to assist in great enterprises for its further development, such as that in which he was then engaged. Finally Mr. Barnato accepted this proviso, remarking that he supposed Mr. Rhodes must have his fancy. As a matter of fact, Mr. Barnato was bound to surrender "along the whole line," for he and Mr. Rhodes met to arrange the amalgamation on quite unequal terms. Mr. Rhodes had quietly acquired a large portion of the shares in the companies represented by Mr. Barnato, so that he practically controlled both interests. In describing to me this "night of bargaining," Mr. Rhodes told me that he had put into the scale, at the right moment, the pledge of a seat in the Legislative Assembly for Mr. Barnato, who was ambitious of parliamentary honours. This promise was afterwards fulfilled, and Mr. Barnato, supported by the De Beers interest, was duly returned

as the member for Kimberley. Mr. Rhodes was apt to make such arrangements as these in moving the pawns, to help the greater issues of the game. They cannot be justified, but they are frequently resorted to by men who have to employ many devices to achieve great ends; but in Mr. Rhodes' case such devices were rarely employed. I never knew him deliberately sacrifice one interest to serve another. He would not have pledged the De Beers support to Mr. Barnato if he had not known that he understood the mining interest, and had an intelligent appreciation of public needs. This pledge to Mr. Barnato and what followed must stand side by side with the proposed sacrifice of the private interests of De Beers, and so very largely of Mr. Rhodes' own interests, to the expansion of South Africa.

The relation of this resolution of De Beers to the formation of the Chartered Company was, as I have intimated, clearly expounded to me by Mr. Rhodes. Apart from the welcome financial assistance at the outset of the enterprise, the fact that the funds of a great company were pledged to the support of his scheme would naturally influence the financiers. I believe that De Beers contributed £200,000 towards the million at first

subscribed. The support of De Beers was also a great "stand-by" as the movement proceeded.

I heard Mr. Rhodes, at a banquet at Kimberley, elevate this resolution of De Beers, to operate outside its own interests, to the rank of a great patriotic principle. Wealth, he said, whether possessed by an individual or a company, was a "trust," to be employed not only for its own advantage and enjoyment, but for the wider and greater interests of the community.

Mr. Rhodes discussed with me very fully the idea of working his scheme of expansion by a chartered company. He quoted the example of our own East India Company, and of the Dutch East India Company, through whose agency the first settlement was effected at the Cape. He pointed out that the "Rudd Concession" gave them great, if not quite sufficient, power for effecting their immediate purpose. It consigned to them "complete and exclusive charge over all metals and minerals contained in Lobengula's kingdom, together with full power to do all things which they might deem necessary to win and procure the same." It also devolved upon the concessionaires the obligation of defending the rights so acquired against all claimants. This

meant surely the right to effect an industrial settlement and establish a protecting force.

Before Mr. Rhodes left for England to form the company he promised to give me the earliest information of his success or otherwise. Accordingly, I received from him a cable with the simple but sufficient message, "Company formed."

But while all was going well at the base of operations, with financing and organisation, things were not proceeding so satisfactorily in the country to be settled and ultimately acquired. It was not to be expected that the powerful chief of a warlike tribe, with the "young bloods" full of fight and of the spirit of independence, should surrender to the invasion of European life without a struggle, no matter what paper concessions had been made.

The Moffat and Rudd concessions had been duly ratified, but the final leave to enter "hung fire."

It was about this time that Dr. Jameson, whose name figures so conspicuously in South African history, appears upon the scene. Forsaking a large and lucrative practice at Kimberley, where he was known as a brilliant operator and much esteemed citizen, he gave himself "body and soul" to the northern advance. He was

under the spell of the idea and the man who conceived it. He had been in intimate association with Mr. Rhodes for some time. They had lived together in the same house in very simple fashion, but they were to be united by other ties. They were to be associated in a great undertaking. Forsaking the conventions of citizen life, Jameson was to become one of the pioneers of the expansion, just at the time when a man of courage and resource was greatly needed. It is difficult to overrate the value of the services which he rendered to Mr. Rhodes. Reviewing the position of affairs, it seems to me as if the whole movement would have broken down without him. Lobengula, who had "played fast and loose" with his concessions, now openly repudiated them, spite of the champagne and opera hats.

Jameson made three weary journeys in a waggon to the king's kraal to bring his Majesty to a proper state of mind—the last when all seemed lost. This final interview is graphically described by Mr. Seymour Fort in his admirable Life of Dr. Jameson. "After two days," he tells us, "spent in vain at the king's kraal, Dr. Jameson arranged to leave the next morning at daybreak; but before starting, as a final effort he went to

Lobengula to say good-bye. The door of the chief's hut was in two portions, an upper and a lower, and leaning over the lower half he had his last and final interview. The old king was stark naked and somewhat agitated—his mass of dark copper-coloured flesh moving restlessly up and down within the dim, uncertain light of the hut. 'Well, king,' said Jameson, 'as you will not confirm your promise and grant me the road, I shall bring my white impi, and if necessary we shall fight.'

"Lobengula replied, 'I never refused the road to you and to your impi.'

"'Very well,' said Jameson; 'then you acknowledge that you have promised to grant me the road; and unless you refuse to do it now, your promise holds good.' Then, as the king remained diplomatically silent, Jameson said, 'Good-bye, chief; you have given me your promise about the road, and on the strength of that promise I shall bring in my impi to Mashonaland. Good-bye.' And he left."

This was the last time the two saw each other.

Mr. Seymour Fort adds "that probably to no man had Lobengula so revealed his real intentions and his true policy as to Jameson, and right royally did he carry out his word. For not only

did he protect the Europeans in his kraal while the pioneers were marching into Mashonaland, but when he could not control his own people, he so timed his prohibitory messages that the pioneer force was able to get clear of the bush and into the open tableland at Victoria before his messenger got back to Buluwayo."

I am afraid I must report that Mr. Rhodes during these anxious times of suspense was often very impatient, and sometimes lost his temper. He was disposed at times to cast blame on those who were risking their lives in dangerous negotiations, and trying to achieve an almost impossible task; but he soon recovered his balance, and was warm in his appreciation of what had been achieved. I found him in this mood, a little later on, when he gave me a call one Sunday morning. He had scarcely passed the usual greetings when he paid the warmest tribute to Dr. Jameson, and ended with an exclamation, which the subject of it would not, I am sure, care to accept without reservation. "Jameson," he said, with great warmth of feeling, "never makes a mistake!" It may seem an odd compliment to pay to one whom the public associate with chivalrous and unselfish courage, and with a dash of the dare-devil temper, rather than with prudent calcula-

tion. But the view was at the time quite a natural one. If at any moment during the negotiation Dr. Jameson's tact and temper had failed, the result would have been most disastrous to the scheme he was working out, to Mr. Rhodes, and to himself. But Jameson had worried through the business with great skill and unfailing patience and temper.

The two men who were thus so loyally united in this great enterprise, and who have figured so prominently in South African history, had many points of resemblance. Both loved to work and live outside the conventions and routine of ordinary life. They were attracted to bold thinkings and bold enterprises. They were not Bohemians in the sense that they were always on the look out for artistic pleasures and indulgences outside the customs of society; but they both craved larger and freer spheres of activity than ordinary experiences supplied. There was more than a touch of romance in their natures. Without doubt, both had a large sense of public and patriotic duty, with a strong, large-hearted character, deflected, it may be, sometimes by mistaken views or even personal ambitions. Both were men of impulsive temperament, but also of resolute will. Jameson had, without question, more physical courage, more

dash, and more chivalrous and unselfish devotion to a chosen task. Rhodes had the larger brain, the wider range of purpose and vision. Rhodes cast the spell; Jameson lived under it, and became transformed by it. Both had mesmeric personalities. Rhodes hypnotised a whole community, Jameson charmed, with a grace all his own, a smaller personal circle. Both will ever remain great figures in South African story, for both conspired against the Kruger regime, both were leading actors in the expansion of South Africa, and both became Prime Ministers of the Cape Colony.

CHAPTER IV

THE GREAT EXPANSION—THE ADVANCE AND SETTLEMENT

But to continue the story of the advance. The ubiquitous Jameson, having left Lobengula at the door of his hut promising, *sotto voce*, to support the "white impi," hastened to Macloutsie, where the pioneer force had already gathered. Macloutsie, as the map will show, was just outside the northernmost boundary of the Transvaal, and near its centre. It stood near to Tuli, and to the point where the Macloutsie River joins the Limpopo in its long course to the sea.

"The force," upwards of 500 strong, waiting impatiently to start (May 1890), was a mixed company of colonists of many nationalities. Amongst them were men with such well-known names as Selous, the great hunter, Sir John Willoughby, and Captain Hoste, the bronzed giant who had left the command of a mail steamer for adventure in the interior. Colonel Pennefather and Majors Heany and Borrow represented the army. The rank and file represented themselves

and that spirit of hardy enterprise which has contributed so much to South African history. The British Government was also represented in a certain number of police troopers, who had, I believe, been sent up by Lord Loch. Lord Methuen had inspected the force before it started, and left his blessing, but did not cross the Macloutsie. Colonel Pennefather was in command, while Major Johnson was in charge of the commissariat, for which he had contracted with Mr. Rhodes.

Such was the force which awaited the arrival of Dr. Jameson and advanced northwards under his direction and inspection, although not under his command, in the details of the march. It must be remembered that most of the men were not soldiers, but settlers. They were only to fight if hindered. In this respect they embodied the Rhodes ideal. Some were seeking gold, some good soil on which to till or feed cattle, others, with the trade instinct, chances to buy and sell, while the majority, perhaps, were waiting for anything that might turn up. But with all these differences of aim they were all touched with the spirit of romance which inspired their great leader, who stayed at the base of operations, anxiously waiting for news of their advance. I say "anxiously

waiting," for none knew better than myself how anxious he was. But he held on. He had a sheet anchor in "sleep." He always slept through everything, except perhaps on the night after the news of Jameson's capture, when he waited, pale and miserable, for the morning. He once said to me that if a message came to him, when he was "going to bed," that all Cape Town was in flames, he should still sleep. I replied, "Possibly; but you would be organising relief in your dreams. And what is more, you would know everything that had happened when you came down to breakfast."

The objective of the pioneer march was the spot on which the town of Salisbury now stands, about three hundred miles north-west of Beira and abreast of Quillimane, a well-known Portuguese port on the western coast. This had been chosen by Rhodes as the centre from which gold prospecting could be most easily organised, and also as favouring connection with the outer world, through Beira. Lobengula was, of course, fully informed of the destination of the pioneers.

About June 1890 the march commenced. For the first two hundred miles the force "worried" through a country densely covered with bush. It was anxious and difficult work. If the Matabele

warriors, held in leash by their chief, and confused by his "cross-directions," had opposed their march, they would probably have been annihilated. In the bush the Kaffir is perfectly at home in war; he knows where to hide and when to attack; his assegai is almost as good a weapon as a gun, while Maxims, so deadly "in the open" to enemies, are of little use. No attack was made, however, and in the fine open country which succeeded to the bush the column moved with confidence. Only once did they come in touch with Lobengula's scouts, who brought the enigmatic message from their chief, "that they were not to proceed unless they were strong enough." To the scouts Colonel Pennefather made answer, that they were moving at the Queen's command, which they must obey. This message was perhaps somewhat anticipating imperial sanctions, but was not altogether without justification, for were not Lord Loch's policemen amongst the trekkers?

Without any interruptions or disasters the pioneers reached the end of their long march of about four hundred miles. They halted, pitched their tent, and "hoisted the flag" at the place already named, as where the town of Salisbury now stands.

But what then? These men were not, as we

have seen, making a military conquest or even occupying a military post. They had come as settlers to earn a livelihood, and, if they could, make a fortune. On the march they had talked eagerly of the promised gold, but now a more pressing question presented itself. Where was their daily bread to be found until the miners could find gold, and the agriculturists sow and reap their crops? There was a commissariat, it is true, with temporary supplies, and Frank Johnson had contracted to feed the settlers until they could obtain a living from the soil. But what could a contractor do without a base of operations or "transport" to a port of supply? The "force" could not keep open its long line of advance as a line of communication for food and other supplies. One may pause for a moment and contrast this pioneer march with the frequent treks of the Dutch into the interior when seeking fresh pasture for sheep and cattle, or it may be a new settlement, when the conventions of civilised life became irksome. Starting with heavy waggons—which were moving houses, for shelter and sleep—they lumbered slowly through the veldt with their teams of oxen carrying their supplies as they went. They had coarse bread and strips of "biltong" hung from the ribs of the

waggons for food and the surest rifles that ever carried a bullet to bring down game for their daily supplies, as well as keep off enemies. So the old Dutch colonists for a generation or two found their "Lands of Goshen," and helped to people the desert.

But the Rhodes trek was necessarily of another description. It was too large to rely on casual supplies or earn its own living on the march. It had a definite aim, and the "five hundred" must perforce make good their position as settlers and chartered miners as speedily as might be.

Whenever a difficulty or series of difficulties arose in these early movements, Dr. Jameson was ready with both nerve and brain to face and solve it. As soon as the final halt was made he foresaw the trouble, and made his plans accordingly. He resolved to accompany Major Johnson through the unexplored country between Salisbury and Beira. It was foreseen that an outlet must be found on the coast, both for obtaining supplies and generally for readier communication with the outside world. Rhodes and Jameson had often discussed this outlet, but no one knew its feasibility or the exact route that must be taken until Jameson tried it. It was known, indeed, that the Pungwe River, with its effluent

at Beira, must be struck somewhere, and accordingly the collapsible boat invented by an ingenious clergyman at Romsey was taken with the expedition.

I cannot follow the adventures of the journey to Beira by Jameson and Johnson. It must suffice to say that in no part of the history of the settlement of Rhodesia was more heroism displayed or more suffering endured.

After hairbreadth escapes, in one of which Jameson lost his clothes, and was without them for days under a burning sun, Beira was reached, the route discovered, and ultimately fixed. Many a traveller, indeed, has lost his life in the fever swamps of that route, but in course of time a railway was planned and constructed, which has become one of the recognised highways into the interior of Africa.

Great and serious difficulties were encountered in the settlement of the new country. There was confusion as well as extravagance in the administration, which was imperfectly organised, while the mining operations, even to the extent of prospecting, proceeded but slowly. While many of the settlers were suffering from enforced idleness, the tsetse fly was busy at deadly work, and fever prostrated its victims. Moreover, the

winter floods were out over the country, and food, consisting mostly of mealies and "Boer meal," was difficult to procure.

In the beginning of 1891 Rhodes paid his first visit to Mashonaland. He was most anxious to see for himself the country and the settlers, many of whom were now openly discontented and almost despairing. He was never more himself than when travelling in the open, and, spite of the depressing news from the front, he was in the highest spirits as he made his way northwards with Dr. Jameson. He had full faith in the future of the country, and regarded the difficulties and discontent as inseparable from such an enterprise.

When he arrived, as he afterwards told me, he was more surprised at the progress made than at the difficulties encountered. He went right through the district, hearing grievances, and inspecting such mining and agricultural operations as had already been commenced. Though only of the most elementary kind, they filled him with delight. Rough homesteads were rising in the veldt, and at Hartley Hill gold mining had already commenced.

He did not stay long, for he was now Premier of the Cape Colony, and, moreover, he was anxious

to visit England to make his boundaries sure against the troublesome invasions of the Dutch freebooters.

I saw him as he passed through Cape Town on his way to England.

"It's all right up yonder," he said. "With hard work and much patience the land will be settled."

He found a full recognition of his success awaiting him in the old country. The Queen sent him an invitation to dine at Windsor Castle, and heard from his lips the story of the expansion and its prospects. When Rhodes quitted the Royal Palace he had a greatly increased admiration for the Queen's remarkable abilities, and considered that "Her Majesty was intellectually the equal of any statesman with whom he had ever come in contact."

On Mr. Rhodes' return to Cape Town, however, he found that, in spite of his visit, affairs "up yonder" were not as promising as when he left.

Jameson soon joined him, weary and out of health, and needing rest. The consultations between the two were brief but fruitful. Once more Jameson stepped into the breach, and, starting in April 1891, took over the administration of the settlements. The difficulties he encountered in

bringing men and things into line are graphically told in Mr. Seymour Fort's Life of Jameson. Dutch trekkers under Colonel Ferreira, and subsequently the Portuguese, were claiming portions of the chartered territory, and Jameson had to deal with their claims before he could look to his own people. He levelled these difficulties with masterly skill, and, mindful that tne gold discoveries must be the basis of prosperity if any were achieved, he visited the diggings to ascertain how they were working, and how the regulations already promulgated were suited to the enterprise. But his hardest task was to deal with the discontent of the settlers. "In adapting himself to all the circumstances of this new environment," says Mr. Seymour Fort, "Dr. Jameson displayed not only tact and foresight, but in a marked degree the quality of common sense. Without military or legal training of any kind, he shrank from no responsibility, and his word was law throughout the length and breadth of the land. Intolerant of methods that savoured of red-tapism and circumlocution, he swept aside all forms of unnecessary professional etiquette, and relied entirely upon his own shrewdness."

The British public so naturally associates Dr. Jameson's name with the failure of the amateur

attempt to upset Paul Kruger's Government, which goes by the name of the Raid, and to which I shall refer hereafter, that they hardly realise the immense services he rendered to the expansion of South Africa. Looking once again over the records of this expansion, it seems to me, as I have already intimated, that without him it could never have been carried through. In the language of theology, we may say that he was "raised up" for the purpose. Mr. Seymour Fort speaks in the extract just quoted of his "common sense," but it seems as if it was his genius for "initiation," as new circumstances and difficulties arose, that principally contributed to his success. He was here, there, and everywhere, fruitful in resource, quick, energetic, and courageous, and successful in at once inspiring and controlling the new movement, where ordinary methods of government and ordinary officialisms would have broken down. Mr. Rhodes might possibly have found other men to have carried out his schemes, but I knew those who surrounded him, and so did he, and I could think of none, nor could he, who could have filled Jameson's place. Subsequently, when Mr. Rhodes was proposing to nominate Dr. Jameson as a member of the De Beers Board, he took me on one side and asked me to second

and support the nomination. "I am more indebted to him," he said, "than to any man in South Africa," and the witness was true.

While I am anxious for the reader to have an adequate idea of the New World Rhodes was evolving in South Africa and of the fortunes and misfortunes of the settlers until the memorable peace was finally established in the Matoppos, I do not propose to follow its details, except as they illustrate Mr. Rhodes' masterly control of events, for I am seeking Rhodes rather than Rhodesia. I will keep to the north, however, until the dramatic scene in the Matoppos, after which the settlers may be said to have been left to their mining, trading, and tilling of the soil, with a fair field and open chances, before I describe him in other spheres of work.

There were troubles ahead for the pioneers soon after Jameson took charge as administrator, and in all of these it will be seen Cecil Rhodes appeared at the right moment, "under fire," when fighting was necessary, sympathising with and helping the struggling settlers, and finally making a lasting peace when swollen rivers and winter cold delayed military operations.

It was not to be expected that the young bloods of the Matabele tribe, never secretly

favourable to the concessions of their chief, should remain quiet while the new population was peopling the veldt in all directions and giving signs of the permanent occupation of the country. They commenced an attack with the cunning of savages. The Mashonas, who, as I have already mentioned, were a more peaceful and feeble race than the Matabele, by whom they were treated as serfs, readily engaged themselves to the new miners and farmers, and became absolutely necessary to them. The Matabele, claiming a sort of overlordship of Mashonaland, without touching the white men, roughly interfered with their servants, maltreating them to such an extent that a police guard was sent to protect the working parties. The disturbance which followed in no way arose from the white man's interference with the traditional rights and practices of the natives, so frequently the cause of trouble where white and black occupy the same country. Nor had the pioneers in any way gone beyond the terms of their concession. The hostile movement was a deliberate attack on the settlement, and a sort of flank movement to make it impossible. Jameson made representations to Lobengula, and called upon him to call off the assailants. But it was all in vain. The irritat-

ing attacks continued, and Jameson came quickly to the conclusion either to abandon the country or at once attack barbarism at its stronghold, and fight for the "sovereignty" and "freehold" of Matabeleland. It was a daring counter-move, but after consultations with his military comrades and advisers it was adopted with speed and courage. All available forces to support the pioneers having been assembled, with Major Forbes in command, the order was given to march to Buluwayo, and strike at the centre of the disturbance. The Matabele, next to the Zulus, were the most powerful and warlike tribe in Central Africa, and opposed the advance of the columns step by step. I have had a pretty full knowledge of native wars in South Africa for the last forty years, and of their tremendous difficulties—even our German masters in the art of war, so critical often of English methods, have experienced them—and in my judgment there has never been a more brilliant piece of campaigning in its conception and execution than the advance upon the stronghold of Lobengula. Once, indeed, the columns seemed saved by a lucky chance. Forbes' force had bivouacked in a rather unfavourable position on the banks of the Shangani, where the Matabele warriors, assembled

in full force, had arranged for a midnight rush upon the camp after the manner of the Zulus. Major Forbes, with some inkling, but not full knowledge, of danger, sent up a rocket to call home a reconnoitring force. The Matabele were scared at such an unusual appearance. They were familiar with the flash of rifle and cannon, but they had never seen such a light in the sky. The fear of an omen was ever stronger with the native than the fear of an enemy. They resolved to postpone the attack, which they never had an opportunity of resuming with the same chance of success. After several severe fights the capital was reached. Jameson himself, scouting with a servant in advance of the column, was the first to reach Buluwayo, which he found deserted and in such ruin as fire can bring to a Kaffir town. Lobengula himself was in full flight.

The column had not yet arrived, and Jameson was wandering almost in solitude amongst the débris and ruins of the kraal when suddenly, and, as far as I can find, without notice, Mr. Rhodes appeared. Jameson heard he was about two miles away, and the two met, so Mr. Seymour Fort tells us, both full of feeling, but without the usual greeting. They did not even shake hands as Wellington and Blucher did after the battle



D. Ravenscroft

HUT OF THE LATE MR. CECIL RHODES, GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BULUWAYO

of Waterloo, but fell to talk at once. What was the reason of Rhodes' sudden appearance? It was not far to seek. I had seen him, just before he started, supremely happy and content, as one whose dream was coming true. The *settlement had become a nation* by the success of Jameson's column. The Chartered Company had become possessed of a huge territory, and upon them had fallen all the responsibilities and difficulties of governing a large population and a huge area of country. Comprehensive measures must at once be taken for defence and administration. The agencies of civilised communities must as far as possible be set in motion in exchange for the "methods of barbarism." Hence the appearance of Rhodes.

While Rhodes and Jameson were disbanding the force and giving out farms, as a reward for service, to those of the pioneer soldiers who desired to settle, the news came of the terrible disaster which had overtaken Major Allan Wilson when he was in pursuit of Lobengula. Every man in the "Company" fought and died *rather than desert wounded comrades.* Rhodes was profoundly touched with this tragedy, and, as all the world knows, ordered afterwards a memorial tablet to perpetuate its heroisms.

On receipt of the news, Rhodes and Jameson set out with provisions for the succour and relief of that portion of Wilson's force which had been left to keep communications open.

On their return they addressed themselves at once to the task of organising the new country, for Rhodes, who was then Prime Minister, had to leave almost immediately for the south. Postal service and telegraphic communications were established. Forts were built at Buluwayo, Mangwe, and Fig Tree Camps, and roads opened in various directions, while hospitals and prisons were erected in the townships. Meanwhile the volunteers who had been disbanded had been pegging out the farms and claims to which they were entitled. By the end of January over nine hundred farm rights and nearly ten thousand gold claims were registered.

But those who follow the history of these achievements may well say, "So far, so good, for the pioneers. They have resumed work with excellent prospects, and have entered upon their new possessions with enlarged chances, but what about the rank and file of the Matabele people? What was their position? There were still at least six of them to every one of the new-comers." I may give it in the words of the authority just

quoted. "Shortly after the fall of Buluwayo, Jameson had taken steps to let the Matabele know that all those who came in and surrendered would be allowed to return to the kraals in time to plough and sow, and would also receive a certain number of the cattle (captured in the war). By the end of January 1894, several of the chief indunas and thousands of married Matabele with their families or dependants had surrendered their guns and assegais, while the others had gone to their kraals." A boy of thirteen handed in his assegai and shield, saying, "I am tired of fighting the white man, and want to live at peace with him in the kraal." This wholesome example was not, however, followed by the young bloods of the tribe. The power of the Matabele was not destroyed—it was scarcely even broken, as the sequel will show. It is surprising that it slept for nearly two years, and that matters progressed favourably in the interval, as they undoubtedly did.

I never saw Mr. Rhodes in better form than on his return to Cape Town. He was not exactly in exuberant spirits, but his whole being seemed filled with a new pleasure. He no longer seemed fretted with an incessant struggle against tremendous odds, but inspired with the new

developments of an organised community. The actual struggle, of course, was not his, but that of the men who were making a new civilisation in the midst of savagery, but he held the north in his brain, and followed its "ups and downs" as if he were on the spot. He was pressed with arrears of work and important legislative proposals when he reached his office, but he took it all as easily (which does not mean carelessly) as if he had been arranging a house programme for Groote Schuur.

There were many, as Mr. Rhodes soon found, who did not regard the war in Matabeleland with the same satisfaction and complacency as himself. His enemies were actively hostile, and many of his friends doubtful. The war was provoked, the former said, as an excuse for taking possession of the country; the latter, without going so far, asked whether it had not been commenced and turned into a war of conquest on too slight a provocation. For myself I was satisfied that, once the settlement made, no other course was open to Rhodes and Jameson, and the pioneers whom they led, than the one that was taken.

The position was an impossible one. A number of enterprising men, working under concessions, with limited powers, but in the very nature of

the case treating the country as their own—mining, digging, delving, throwing out scouts in all directions in search of new spheres of work, settling themselves in the midst of a warlike tribe full of spirit and ever watchful against encroachments on privileges enjoyed for centuries—privileges wide and far-reaching, and undefined as the vast territory of veldt they occupied. It was impossible that these two forces could remain in full swing without collision for mastery. The natives were the first to challenge the position. The pioneers quickly responded, and ended the vexatious dual control by asserting their own supremacy.

I had abundant evidence that Rhodes had not contemplated the collision when it took place, whatever might have been his views of the ultimate result. He wanted a time of peace for development, and was at first worried with news of the disturbance.

Mr. Rhodes tells us that, when the news of the hostility of the natives and the adoption of bold tactics first reached him, he replied with a characteristic wire—"Read Luke xiv. 21." Jameson turned to the verse and found the following: "Or what king, going to war against another king, sitteth not down first and consulteth

whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?" Jameson promptly replied: "All right; have read Luke xiv. 21."

Downing Street was characteristically cautious about these movements. The High Commissioner instructed Jameson that he must not fire a shot without his consent, while in turn the High Commissioner must not give such consent until he had leave from Downing Street.

I never saw Rhodes in such a state as when he received the double instruction. No wonder he talked occasionally of eliminating the "imperial factor." If the instruction had been acted on, the "leave to fire" would have no doubt arrived when the last pioneer was in his grave!

In the long pause between the first and second Matabele wars, momentous events occurred in the Colony and the Transvaal, which seem to compel immediate attention even to a narrator of events. The Raid, the resignation of the Premiership, and the events which followed, fill that pause, but, as I have intimated, I elect to pass them by, in order to continue the story of the expansion until Rhodes effected the great settlement in the Matoppos, which brought a peace unbroken to this day, and

finally started Rhodesia on its long struggle for industrial and organised public life. By so doing I follow not only the "expansion," but the great scheme of its author to the final stage of its realisation.

Those who peruse this sketch for an outline or estimate of the great northern movement as well as of Mr. Rhodes' career and character, will like to have some idea of how things were progressing between the two wars—that eventful time when, as if by a political earthquake, Mr. Rhodes lost his position as Prime Minister and political leader of the Cape Colony and his place as director of the Chartered Company, and Jameson himself ended his career as Administrator of Rhodesia.

There are two authorities who will tell us of the results achieved and the prospects opening up—as much about it, at least, as we need to know. Mr. Rhodes made a speech to the shareholders of the Chartered Company in January 1895, and Mr. Bryce paid a visit to Rhodesia about the same time. He (Mr. Bryce) went from point to point, to the huts and waggons of the settlers, now rapidly increasing in number, to the mines, to the farms, and to the scattered villages and towns already transforming the veldt, and has placed on record his impressions.

In view of the catastrophe shortly to happen, it is pathetic to read Mr. Rhodes' picture of the "development of a modern English civilisation and a thoroughly competent English Government reaching a point of excellence absolutely unprecedented in the annals of the world, considering the few years this new order had been developed from the savagery that it had succeeded." So writes "Vindex," and the words, although warmly appreciative, are hardly too strong.

Mr. Rhodes' speech containing this picture is a running talk on events, in his own easy and characteristic manner. It is too long for this sketch. But I may give a brief summary of it, as far as possible, in his own words.

"Now, in looking at this question, we have to consider first what we possess, and I can tell you that we possess a very large piece of the world. We have now taken over the land north of the Zambesi—save and except the Nyasaland Protectorate—as far as Tanganyika.

"That is the position north of the Zambesi, and there are very promising reports from it. It is a high plateau, fully mineralised, and every report shows that the high plateau is a part where Europeans can live.

"To sum up and give a rough measurement of the territory," says Mr. Rhodes, "the land, minerals, and territory from Mafeking to Tanganyika—that is, a territory twelve hundred miles long and four hundred broad."

I will quote next Mr. Rhodes' statement of the ways and means for government and development. "You might very fairly ask," he says, "what it (the country) has cost us. You have a share capital of £2,000,000, and you have a debenture debt of about £650,000, and against that debenture debt you have paid for the one hundred miles of railway in the Crown Colony of Bechuanaland, you have 1400 miles of telegraph, you have built magistrates' courts in the whole of your territory, you have civilised towns in five or six different parts, and you have the Beira Railway," for Rhodesia has already an outlet of its own to the nearest convenient port on the western shore of Africa.

For the general estimate of the progress of the country, we may turn to Mr. Bryce's report on its condition and progress. At the time of his visit "an opera-house was talked of, and already the cricket-ground and racecourse, without which Englishmen cannot be content, had been laid out. Town lots, or stands, as they

are called in South Africa, had gone up to prices which nothing but a career of swift and advancing prosperity could justify. That prosperity (though not fully achieved) seemed to the inhabitants of Buluwayo to be assured. Settlers kept flocking in, storekeepers and hotelkeepers were doing a roaring trade, samples of ore were every day being brought in from newly explored gold reefs, and all men's talk was of pennyweights or even ounces to the ton. Every one was cheerful, because every one was hopeful. It was not surprising. There is something intoxicating in the atmosphere of a perfectly new country with its undeveloped and undefined possibilities; and the easy acquisition of the spacious and healthful land, the sudden rise of the English towns where two years before there had been nothing but the huts of squalid savages, had filled every one with a delightful sense of the power of civilised man to subjugate the earth and draw from it boundless wealth."

I may add to this narrative that there were four newspapers already in circulation which gave to their readers not only the latest news but critical opinions, not always pleasing to the ruling powers. That was English if nothing else was.

The glowing picture I have just presented must

not be taken as a critical estimate of either the position or prospects of the country or of the "net results" of achievement, but it fairly represents a stage of development, reached by infinite pains and bold enterprise, interesting and pathetic in view of the rude and tragic changes it was soon to experience.

Mr. Rhodes proved entirely wrong, as the sequel shows, in his representation of "native content" in the speech from which I have quoted. Speaking of a recent visit, he says: "I visited all the chiefs of the Matabele, and I may say they were all pleased, and naturally so. In the past they had always 'walked delicately' (without a firm step) because any one who got to any position in the country and became rich was generally 'smelt out' and lost his life. You can understand that life was not very pleasant under such conditions. In so far as they, as the bulk of the people, were concerned, they were not allowed to hold any cattle or to possess anything of their own. Now they can hold cattle, and the leaders of the people know that they do not walk daily with the fear of death over them." And again, in the same speech, when estimating the expenditure for the future, he says: "What further expenditure can there be, for there are no more people to

make the wars!" which means simply there are "no more savages."

Speeches to shareholders are apt to be over sanguine, but those far less experienced than Mr. Rhodes in native character could have told him that the natives do not exchange so easily their blankets, and all that they mean, for the dress and habits of civilisation. The wild savage life, with all its cruelties and restrictions of individual liberty, is built into them by generations of tribal habit, and dies slowly. I remember a son of Sandilli, a well-known native chief in the Cape Colony, educated at Lovedale, and turned out as one of its best and most promising pupils, in due time becoming a magistrate's clerk at Alice, with black coat and starched collar, who suddenly threw it all off, donned his old blanket, harking back to bush and kraal. So many a Christianised Kaffir in the native rebellions in the Cape Colony heard and followed the "call of race and blood," and took arms against the men who had taken infinite pains to civilise them.

CHAPTER V

THE GREAT EXPANSION—WAR AND PEACE

It could not be supposed that a race like the Matabele would, in a few months, throw off the passions and habits of centuries for the tempting baits of civilisation.

From the very beginning of the white invasion the "young bloods" were watching their chance. And it soon came. None are quicker than the Kaffirs, or ever have been, in watching the trend of events. They are born politicians. News travels from kraal to kraal with incredible speed, and with it patriotic impulses and messages.

The Matabele soon came to know of the Raid, and that the great white chief of their country was a prisoner in the hands of the Dutch at Pretoria. Then they struck.

This second time they did not, as before, attack the white men indirectly through their servants, the Mashonas. "The rebellion commenced with a general massacre of men, women, and children throughout the country." A nephew of mine,

acting as dispenser and medical adviser at a small hospital outside of Salisbury, who had established, by virtue of his own kindly nature, the best relations with the natives, was murdered in cold blood; and the whole country, making, as we have seen, peaceful progress a few weeks before, was in arms. The scattered Europeans—miners, farmers, traders—fast as they could march, fell back on Buluwayo and Salisbury as centres of defence.

Reinforcements were hastily pushed forward from the south, and a force of upwards of one thousand strong took the field under General Carrington. Then ensued a series of sharp fights in which Carrington's force lost heavily, although the enemy were driven from position after position until they took refuge in the mountain fastnesses. The Matabele had awakened, as if from a dream in which they had been dazed with a new environment, to their old war form. They fought with courage and cunning, and never remained in the open after a repulse.

But my business is not with the details of the war, but with the part Rhodes took in it. He came routed in one campaign to take part in another. He had been convicted of complicity with "the Raid" while still Prime Minister of the Colony, and was, for the time being, not only a

political outcast, but, in a measure, an outcast from the social life of the Colony.

But he could not and would not leave "affairs," and, after a hurried visit to England, he went north where the settlers were fighting, every man of them, not only for their own lives, but for the existence of the new state, and joined the campaign as a soldier under Colonel Beal. He was not reckless, but he never flinched under fire, and resolutely kept in the fighting lines. Some said that he thrust himself into danger as a sort of atonement for the past, careless of what became of him. This was not true, although he felt profoundly the new position in which he was placed. The fact was that in coming north he was taking a new grip of his life-work in South Africa—beginning a counter-march after his defeat in one line of attack. No doubt it was an infinite relief to him to find work amongst his own comrades when he was in trouble with his "quondam friends," and power and influence were slipping from him in the south and in the mother country. It was characteristic of Rhodes that under these altered conditions he put forth new energies and displayed unexpected qualities. There is no more brilliant passage in his career than that which filled the time between his joining Carrington's force and making peace at

the Matoppos. I am not able to tell of heroisms in the field which should have won him the Victoria Cross, but I am assured that at least for ten days he resolutely kept at his post in positions of danger, and at no time in the encounters with the Matabele was the loss of life greater on our side or the enemy more persistent and dangerous.

If an answer could be found, it would be an interesting inquiry, what quality it was which sustained Cecil Rhodes when, at critical times both in the progress of the northern expansion and subsequently in the siege of Kimberley, he deliberately placed himself in a position of danger. Was it what may be called natural or physical courage, or what has been defined as moral courage? It never seemed to me to be the former of these. He had not the sort of courage which made Harry Keppel in the Chinese War hand shot and shell to the gunners as if thoroughly enjoying himself, while the deck of his ship was raked with fire from the Chinese guns. Mr. Rhodes, as a rule, preferred a sheltered position when danger was about, and would rather escape an ordinary peril than face it. A fellow-traveller of his told me an amusing story of a journey through a country infested with

lions and other wild beasts, that made the nightly bivouac very unpleasant, in spite of the camp fires lit for protection. Five or six of the travellers were huddled in one tent, and when they turned in for the night Mr. Rhodes instinctively took the middle place, so that, as his friends said, if a lion had succeeded in getting a meal from the tent, he would have taken the outside men! I have known Mr. Rhodes take a similar position in dangers, or I would rather say difficulties, of another kind, and he would sometimes compromise when he certainly ought to have fought.

Mr. Rhodes, nevertheless, had courage, and sometimes great courage, although it was of another kind. When he had, from whatever motives, resolved on a given course and sought a given end, if it involved danger, no man would face it more courageously. Every step in the way under such circumstances was taken with stern, unbending resolution, and if danger was there, it would be faced without hesitation. He told Mr. Garrett, half jocularly, when describing the soldiering he went through in the second Matabele War, that he was "in a funk all the time," but that he was "more afraid to be thought afraid." He played and joked with the

serious moments of his life as such men are wont to do, but these jocular accounts of experiences were perhaps never wholly true. But whatever were his conflicting emotions, he had resolved to go through the war at all risks. He told me in referring to it, that cool as he seemed, it was a strain all the time, but that he had resolved to share the dangers of the campaign.

While writing of the quality of Cecil Rhodes' courage, I recall a, to me, memorable incident, when the motive which evoked the noblest act of courage was itself entirely unselfish, not to say heroic. He was dining at my house one evening with a few friends, at a time when I was general manager of the Mail Steamship Company, having charge from Cape Town to Zanzibar, and therefore had control of certain "craft" in the docks and the Bay. About half-past ten a messenger came in hot haste from one of my staff in Cape Town, with the information that two of the lighters engaged in coaling a sailing ship in the Bay had been driven from their moorings and carried out to sea, and that there was no vessel in the docks which could get up steam and follow them—the large tug used for such casualties being away. Could I, the message said, "communicate with the Admiral at Simons Town,

and get him to send out a tug or gunboat to intercept the lighters at Cape Point?" Those who know the coast-line about Table Bay will fully understand this request. I read out the message to my guests, exclaiming, "What can I do?" The local telegraph office was closed, and Simons Town was at least twenty miles distant. The company eagerly discussed the matter, but no one could suggest a solution. I had horses in the stable, but the groom had gone home. Mr. Rhodes seemed deeply interested, but for a few moments remained silent, with his elbow on the table and his head resting on his hand. After a pause he rose quickly and said, "I must try and save these men; will any one go with me?" "I will," said one of the guests, Mr. Farmer, one of the members for Cape Town and a well-known colonist. Mr. Rhodes' carriage was at the door waiting to take him to Groote Schuur, only a mile distant. Having received instructions from me as to where he should find the Admiral, Mr. Rhodes, with his friend, stepped into his carriage saying to his coachman John, "Drive me to Admiralty House, Simons Town." John was somewhat dazed with the request, but having been used to unwonted orders from his master, drove away. No word was sent to Groote Schuur

and the servants were up all night, wondering what had become of their master.

Arrived at Simons Town, more than half-an-hour after midnight, Mr. Rhodes knocked up the Admiral and told him his errand. It so happened that the tug belonging to the Cape Town Docks was round at Simons Town, with the Port Captain in command. Steam was up, and the tug immediately started in search of the missing boats. In spite of the protests of the Admiral and all concerned, Rhodes insisted on going on board to share the search, leaving his coachman without instructions, and his friend to take a bed at the Admiral's. It was one of the wildest, stormiest nights I ever remember. The Port Captain told me that after they had faced the heavy seas for a few minutes and the deck had been swept from end to end, he entreated Mr. Rhodes to allow him to take him back. But he peremptorily refused, and remained on the tug all night. It ploughed its way through heavy seas to Cape Point, from thence to Hanglip and Danger Point in search of the missing lighters. Rhodes was dreadfully ill with *mal-de-mer*, but refused to leave the bridge, and kept watch with the skipper till morning dawned. Unfortunately the search was vain, and the lighters were not discovered. This

was not surprising, for the boats had no lights, and the night was pitch dark. The tug came into harbour at 10.30 the next morning, having been out for nearly nine hours.

The reader will like to know what became of the boats and men. By the messenger that came to my house I sent instructions to the office, to cable to Mossel Bay, a port about 200 miles to the eastward of Cape Town, to the effect that if any steamer was leaving that port for Cape Town the captain should be requested to keep a look out for the missing boats. Luckily a steamer was leaving almost immediately, and in the grey of the morning the boats and men were rescued, with the utmost difficulty, from the rocks off Danger Point, where they had been driven by the gale.

There was the utmost concern in Cape Town when the story of the night's adventure was known, and Mr. Rhodes did not appear. Groote Schuur knew nothing, and I was besieged for information. When Parliament met, however, at 2.30, Mr. Rhodes appeared as usual, looking very exhausted, but with a smiling face received the congratulations of his friends.

Mr. Rhodes' enemies and some of his friends expressed surprise when I related the incident

exactly as it occurred. They were not prepared to hear of conduct so chivalrous and unselfish. They admitted it to be unthinkable that any man should go through such experiences for a mere stage effect; a rush from the green-room to the footlights to effect some tragic rescue is one thing, but to pass many hours in a steam tug through a long night in dangerous seas to save life, is quite another.

I, who knew bettter than most this side of his nature, of which I hope to give other glimpses before this narrative is closed, was not surprised at all. Mr. Rhodes' generous impulses were not mere emotions which cost nothing in money or service, but oftentimes genuine expressions of almost passionate sympathy.

I have digressed in narrating this incident, but I now turn to facts connected with the second Matabele War which have never been disclosed. It can well be understood that the war, following so soon upon the fresh disturbance, brought distress to the settlers. They had poured in from all quarters when the country seemed settled, and the veldt was dotted with canvas tents and shanties of wood and iron. There were not many women or children, fortunately, but young fellows, some of them Oxford men,

and others, farmers' sons, from the old country, and many colonists, Dutch and English, always on the look out for a forward trek. Mr. Rhodes spent the intervals of fighting in roaming over the veldt and inquiring into their conditions and welfare. Some were fairly on their beam ends, without resources of any kind, their crops having been destroyed by the natives and their means exhausted. About this time men came into my office in Cape Town with little dirty notes, like the following: "Dear Fuller,—Help this man home, and charge to me.—C. J. Rhodes." These little missives were so frequent and informal and so curiously worded, that I thought it wise to go to the bank to discuss with Mr. Michell (now Sir Lewis Michell) what was best to be done. I found that he and the managers of the up-country banks had been almost inundated with cheques for varying amounts, written by Rhodes on any slip of paper which he might find on the veldt or on the floor of a tent. They were the oddest documents, but the clear signature, C. J. Rhodes, always insured their being ultimately honoured, although the bank officials were naturally puzzled, since the name of the bank was, I believe, not always on the documents when they were presented. They were, there-

fore, most difficult to collect. I have it in clear recollection that these rough demands for payment amounted before long to £12,000! What they totalled at the end I do not know. Cecil Rhodes was thus at the same time fighting the enemy and helping the settlers, either to return to their homes or to hold on and wait for the arrival of peaceful times. I have never heard that Mr. Rhodes told of this part of his campaigning to any persons but those who were immediately concerned, and who could not help knowing it. This silence about generous actions was entirely characteristic.

But I must go back to the war. The Matabele warriors proved themselves so resolute and formidable that General Carrington found himself quite unable to subdue them with the force at his command. He could drive them from the open, but could not follow them into the thick bush or the mountain fastnesses. He was obliged, therefore, to recommend both the cessation of hostilities during the winter months, when the rivers were too swollen to cross, and to discourage any prosecution of the war without the material increase of the forces under his command. This was most serious news. Although the High Commissioner might give some help,

there was no imperial exchequer to fall back on, and the cost of prolonged military operations would be simply ruinous to the Chartered Company.

Mr. Rhodes then conceived the great idea of trying to make peace with the natives by hearing their grievances in person and making proposals for the future. It was just a position where his genius for negotiation would find a fitting sphere. General Carrington fully realised the difficulty of a prolonged war, and expressed approval of the scheme.

Having communicated with the natives through Mr. Colenbrander, Mr. Rhodes arranged for a meeting with them in the heart of the Matoppos. It would be the natural place of meeting for the natives, but Mr. Rhodes was not insensible to the dramatic effect of such a surrounding. The Matoppo hills are perhaps the most wonderful in the world, not for height, but for rugged grandeur. They are huge granite rocks, rising in a desert nearly one hundred miles in length, and scattered aimlessly about in titanic masses. The ground slopes upwards on all sides to an elevation which had been called by Mr. Rhodes the "View of the World," not, indeed, of its kingdoms or cities, but of Nature in her wildest aspects. While I write

this description, a lady traveller is at my elbow who has just come back from the Matoppos, and she is still haunted by their grandeur and wonder. The piled masses of rock "rooted in the earth seemed to her like the frontiers of an alien world, rather than the world where rivers run, trees grow, and fields of ripened corn wave. The solitude she describes as dreadful, not a note from bird or beast to break the silence.

It was to this solitude that the natives "drew on" the forces under General Carrington, and where the war was waged in its latest phases. Retreat was easy to the Kaffirs, who knew all the hidden places, and effective pursuit almost impossible. To continue the war in this desert of granite and sand was impossible without much larger forces, but Mr. Rhodes thought that peace might be made; and, as we have seen, he fell back upon his own mesmeric personality to conquer barbarism when military operations had failed. It was his supreme effort as a negotiator. The preparation for the meeting was conducted with his usual courage, under the guidance of Mr. Colenbrander. He knew that the surest way to the heart of the natives was to show that he trusted them. "In order to win their confidence," says "Vindex," "Mr. Rhodes left

the troops and moved his tent to the skirts of the hills. There he lay for six weeks within easy reach of the enemy. The camp could have been rushed any night, and there was not a bayonet to protect him.. Gradually the attitude of the great white chief won the admiration and trust of the natives."

Messages were exchanged between Mr. Rhodes and the indunas, and the day appointed for the meeting, some miles away from the camp, in the very heart of the Matoppos.

Mr. Rhodes, declining an escort recommended by General Carrington, presented himself at the place of meeting, accompanied by three friends, Mr. Colenbrander, Dr. Hans Sauer, and Captain Stent—the latter the historian of the party, to whom we are indebted for a graphic and most vivid description of the whole scene, which appeared in the *Cape Times*.

Mr. Rhodes was entirely unarmed, but his three companions had each a revolver. The Matabele warriors, in great numbers and armed to the teeth, were mostly in the open, but some were hidden behind the huge granite hills. After ceremonial introductions, according to the custom of the natives, Mr. Rhodes commenced by asking for a statement of the native grievances. For

what had they gone to war? This way of opening up the talk was a fine stroke of policy. Mr. Rhodes, in describing it afterwards, said he thought it would at once predispose the natives to a friendly attitude. Men are always eloquent, and, for the time being, well disposed towards a patient listener, when narrating grievances, and Mr. Rhodes was convinced that the natives had grievances. They were indignant at natives of inferior caste to themselves being turned into policemen to watch their movements, and possibly arrest them. Another complaint was of the appropriation of their cattle under the pretence, as they regarded it, of obtaining payment for rebellion. Mr. Rhodes' solemn promise that these grievances should be at once redressed—that the native police should be abolished, and the property of the natives respected, at once produced the most favourable impression on the indunas. Their countenances beamed with pleasure.

The conference lasted three or four hours and was most successful, the natives listening with downcast eyes when Mr. Rhodes, with great courage, sternly rebuked them for maltreating women and children.

When Mr. Rhodes, seizing the psychological moment, asked, as if it were almost a matter of

indifference to him, "Is there to be peace or war?" the leading chiefs came forward and threw their spears at his feet. This meant that the decision was for peace, and the crisis had passed.

It was a great achievement. Captain Stent tells us that, as Mr. Rhodes went back to his camp, he said to Dr. Sauer, "It is such scenes as this which make life really worth living"; he then relapsed into silence for the rest of the journey.

Mr. Rhodes, before he left the scene of the peacemaking, invited the chiefs to visit him at his camp. They responded readily enough, and went in and out, conversing freely through Mr. Colenbrander, and, it may be added, taking, without leave, souvenirs of their visit, after the incurable native habit. The weakness was allowed without protest.

Mr. Rhodes always spoke of this peace as permanent. He was impatient of any doubts or questionings as to its being a final settlement, and he always referred to it as one of the most fruitful achievements of his life.

The reader will be surprised to learn that when Mr. Rhodes assumed the rôle of the great peacemaker he had no official position. He had resigned

his place as director of the Chartered Company, and he was not rehabilitated until long afterwards. By what authority, then, did he assume entire control of the peace negotiations, and, indeed, of the forces which were endeavouring to quell the rebellion? It is most difficult to find an answer to the query. I have searched in vain for any special instructions from the directors, and I believe none were ever sent. He assumed control, and ended the war, because he was Rhodes! The work had to be done, and he did it in the face of his own resignation of power. There seems to me no other solution of the puzzle. He was the founder of Rhodesia, the life and soul of the movement which had given it existence, *de facto*, if not *de jure*, lord and master of the country, and he acted as such without official authority at the most critical time of its history. If he had failed, it would have been regarded as a worse blunder than the Raid itself, but as he succeeded he won the applause of all lovers of daring and skill. Had he been an Austrian officer, he would have won the order of Maria Theresa for successful deeds of daring, without or against authority, where failure means death for disobeying orders!

CHAPTER VI

MR. RHODES AT GROOTE SCHUUR

SOON after Mr. Rhodes entered public life he came to the conclusion that, if not for his own comfort, of which he thought little, yet for the sake of bringing himself into touch with the men with whom he must be largely associated, as well as for visitors from up-country and abroad, he must have a house and establishment of his own. I have already noted how, when at Kimberley, he lived with Dr. Jameson in bachelor quarters, slept in a truckle bed hardly big enough to hold his body, in a bedroom smaller than most dressing-rooms. When he came down to Cape Town to enter upon political life, he stayed for the most part at hotels, either in the town or the suburbs, but afterwards went into quarters over a banking establishment in the middle of Adderley Street, sharing them with Captain Penfold, familiarly called "the Commodore." The said captain, who was for some time Marine Superintendent of the Docks and Harbour, was busily occupied all day, but in his leisure hours

entertained his fellow-lodger with shrewd and lively chat, which rested, rather than excited, the brain of his new comrade. He occasionally roused Mr. Rhodes from his day-dreams, and reminded him of his engagements, and helped him into his visiting clothes as near to the right moment as circumstances permitted, particularly providing cloth and linen of the right kind for Government House and the Society gatherings with which suburbans were familar.

The gallant captain, naturally proud at being selected for such companionship, made much to other friends of Mr. Rhodes' obligations to him of this kind, and rather implied that but for his (the captain's) judicious coaching, Rhodes would often have cut a very homely figure in social functions. This was most likely true. The tradition of the Agent-General's office bears witness to the need of such attention when Mr. Rhodes came to London. It tells that, on one occasion when in town, he had engaged to dine at the Palace with Her Majesty the Queen. He was, of course, most gratified with the attention, but never gave a thought to his clothes. Two or three days before the function, the office judiciously inquired whether he had a Court suit? "Dear me, no," he said; "I never thought any-

thing about it. What can be done?" He was hurried off to the Court tailor, who, ever accustomed to meet emergency, by prompt measuring and day and night tailoring, made him ready for the royal presence.

Mr. Rhodes was what is called "casual" about such matters, and his companion used to tell of hair-breadth escapes from unconventional, not to say improper, appearances at functions, social and official. I may add that he was not always successful. It was of little consequence however. Rhodes was always Rhodes, however he was dressed, and his large and impressive personality found its way to others through any garments. His well-loved Oxford tweeds suited him best, but he was quite at home in ordinary evening dress. He always looked like a gentleman whatever he wore.

Let me add, while on the matter of dress, that the duties of the companion captain were afterwards, when Mr. Rhodes had a house of his own, performed by a young man of gentlemanly manners who was valet, housekeeper, librarian, and travelling factotum all in one. This young man, Norris by name, was quite an institution at Groote Schuur—Mr. Rhodes' new house. Mr. Rhodes, although he sometimes showed a rough side to

him, as he did to most men at times, valued him greatly, and was exceedingly kind to him, particularly when the strain of difficult service affected his health, and ultimately compelled his retirement. I gladly mention him here, because he is, I am sure, pleasantly and gratefully remembered by many of Mr. Rhodes' guests.

Groote Schuur was purchased from one of the oldest Dutch families with which in other ways Mr. Rhodes had much to do. It was situated some way up the slope of the mountain, facing eastward, and the avenue of pines which led to it from the main suburban road to Simons Town had quite a steep gradient.

The house itself was rebuilt by Mr. Rhodes after the type of the old Dutch buildings, with the curious curves and angles at the gable ends, so suitable and picturesque for homesteads, but so unsuitable for churches and assembly rooms. The front of the house, although in perfect keeping with the rest of the building, and after the best Dutch style, attracted comparatively little attention, for it was obscured by lofty foliage and by a sudden turn in the road, and was not seen until the visitor was close upon it. The architect had spent his strength on the back of the house, where the deep verandah or stoep, and the massive

marble pillars which supported it, harmonised so strikingly with the mountain landscape on which it opened, while it provided a lounge for the few or many, who came daily to converse with Mr. Rhodes and each other. I once saw as many as fifty people taking tea under this verandah, which was made more homelike and snug from the fact that it followed a wing at a right angle to the main building, wherein was situated Mr. Rhodes' bedroom on the first floor, with a billiard-room underneath. Seen from the mountain, there were four gables facing the upward slope, three on the main building, and one at the end of the wing.

The mountain view from the stoep, which figures so often in this narrative, and "possessed" Mr. Rhodes all the years of his life, was singularly beautiful, particularly when the flowers were in bloom. On the right was a deep-cut ravine, broadening in its upward way until, at a considerable distance from the base, it met a road which, from the old Dutch days, had skirted the mountain. This shaded ravine, as it opened to the sunshine with a sweeping curve, was filled with hydrangeas of a rich blue tint, so that to the visitor looking from the stoep, the whole valley was filled with colour, softening into paler hues,

and mingling with the mountain grasses as it reached higher ground.

At the head of this valley was an old Dutch summer-house of great height, built of mountain stone. On either side of it, at a distance of about fifty yards, were two stone seats for the slaves ready to wait on their lords and masters, who loved to blend the enjoyment of the landscape with the good things of this life.

Sir Bartle Frere used to say that there was "only one Table Mountain in the world," by which he meant, not that it was the most beautiful, but that it had beauties all its own. As seen from the Bay in half light, the mountain seems to lie "four square," like a huge rock rising out of the sea. It is, in fact, a sort of bold breastwork, ending the long mountain range which dips into the southern ocean at Cape Point, enclosing Simons Town on its way. The side on which the Groote Schuur is built is at right angles with that which faces Table Bay, and is by far the most picturesque. It faces the rising sun, and I know nothing more beautiful in the Cape landscape, than the red glow in which it is bathed on a winter morning when the sun is searching the mists for the veiled rocks beyond.

To realise what is seen of the mountain from



Photo: Edwards, Claremont, C.C.

VIEW IN THE GROUNDS OF GROOTE SCHUUR

Groote Schuur it is best perhaps to make a closer inspection of it. Starting from the village of Mowbray, about a mile from Mr. Rhodes' home, just below the Devil's Peak, and following the avenue past Mostert's Farm, the mountain climber comes upon rather an open ravine of singular beauty, through a cleft of which is a mountain stream fringed with maiden-hair fern. At this point he finds a footpath which skirts the mountain right round to the Hoets Bay Pass, and at about half-way, looks down on Groote Schuur. The path winds in and out the ravines or kloofs, some of them richly clothed with oaks and brambles, and passes a plantation of silver trees, with their soft velvet leaves glistening like silver scimitars. Opposite Groote Schuur the slopes are more open, dotted with belts of pine trees, the mountain favourites, never bending to the storms, but meeting them with serene resistance. Just beyond Groote Schuur, following the same path, the climber comes upon the last kloof before the pass is reached. It pierces the very heart of the mountain, and lays bare its granite roots, but it is full of the verdure that loves shade and solitude. There are tree ferns and mosses kept green by the spray of mountain rivulets. This ravine was the "holiest of all" in the moun-

tain solitudes. There Mr. Rhodes sometimes wandered to be "alone with the Alone."

Now from the stoep of Groote Schuur all these details could not be seen, but they were there, in the impression of the landscape, and there, to seek and find, when the visitor was tempted to a mountain stroll. From the head of these ravines and open reaches rose the tiers of rock, floored out into grotesque shapes by the wind and rain of centuries, which reached to the summit of the mountain itself.

Table Mountain is a plateau, as its name indicates, and one missed in the outlook from Groote Schuur the *aiguille* peaks which are the glory of the great mountain ranges of the world. It owes its beauty to its slopes and its ravines, with its bosses of rocks studded with bushes, which are hardly discovered until a mountain fire catches them in its blaze.

This was the mountain which Mr. Rhodes loved with such intensity—where he made his home and found "his church." He purchased a large portion of the slopes I have been describing, cut a winding road about three miles in length at the foot of the ravines, planted it with oaks in the fashion of the boulevards, and built a poet's cottage in the heart of the pines, which has been



Photo: T. D. Ravenscroft

GROOTE SCHUUR: BACK VIEW

since occupied by Mr. Kipling during several English winters. Mr. Rhodes bought this large area to keep the builder away and his own improvements intact, or, to use his own words, "To keep the mountain beautiful," as far as he could do it, for the people. He enclosed a large space for the Zoological Gardens, where such of the wild beasts of the country as could be trusted might roam amongst the bushes, and those too wild to enjoy their freedom might be confined and exhibited in buildings suitable to their rank in the animal world!

There was a large photograph of the Temple of Theseus on the walls of one of the Bollihope sitting-rooms, and it attracted his attention one Sunday morning as a suitable model for his lion-house. He pictured vividly the lions walking between the columns and returning to their dens at leisure. On mentioning the scheme to his architect, Mr. Baker, he was met with the objection that if the lions were let loose in this way they would fight. "So much the better," replied Mr. Rhodes; "it is their nature to, and they would enjoy themselves the more." This, like many other of his schemes, was never carried out, but elands, wildebeestes, kangaroos, zebras, and other beasts of the wilds were placed in the

enclosure, and are there now. In my time, mountain climbers were allowed to walk through the enclosure instead of skirting it, if they so desired, but some of the animals supposed to be harmless resented the intrusion, and there were instances of enterprising visitors having to beat a precipitate retreat. I tried it myself on one occasion, but a wildebeeste, with the back and haunches of a pony and the head of an ox, moved towards me with a growl, so that I did not persist. I am unable to say whether friendly relations have been established between the public and the beasts, or whether both have found that they are better and safer apart, but I expect the latter course has been preferred.

But it is time I took the reader to the inside of Groote Schuur, and gave some idea of what transpired there. The rooms were not all very large, perhaps hardly so large as might be expected from the appearance of the spacious hall, which was the museum of Groote Schuur, where South African curios were kept and exhibited; but they were sufficient for ample hospitality—not, perhaps, for a crowd, but for the number Mr. Rhodes loved to gather about him. The decoration was rich and very chaste. Both dining-room and drawing-room were panelled with Indian

teak, somewhat sombre on a grey day, but restful in the summer months. There was a handsome frieze in the drawing-room, extending about one-third of the way down, and a wonderful piece of tapestry covering the whole of one end of the dining-room. The library at Groote Schuur threw a singular and most interesting light on Mr. Rhodes' literary tastes and studies. At first sight, indeed, the shelves seemed filled with a fair selection of modern books, and nothing unusual caught the eye, except that in one corner of the room there was a stone figure of the Phœnician hawk, from an ancient gold working in Rhodesia. On closer inspection, however, some of the books had such a remarkable appearance, and were so large and so handsomely bound, and were, moreover, the result of such a remarkable literary scheme, that I am glad to insert a memorandum kindly furnished me by Mr. Arthur Humphreys, giving a most interesting account of their selection and production. I have only to add to this account, that Mr. Rhodes occupied much of his leisure time in poring over these volumes, and talking about them as they lay open on his knees. Mr. Humphreys writes :—

"One afternoon, about the year 1893, Mr. Rhodes, accompanied by Mr. Rochfort Maguire,

called on me. Mr. Rhodes stated his business at once, which was, that on his last trip over from South Africa he had re-read Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' and he had been so much impressed by the book that he thought of forming a library, which was to consist of all the original authorities used by Gibbon in writing his history. I talked the matter over with him for some considerable time that afternoon, and broad lines were roughly laid down upon which the work should proceed. Mr. Rhodes, I remember, emphasised two things from the start. These were: first, that whatever I sent him should be in English, and whatever authors required re-translation, they should be sent absolutely unabridged. And, secondly, he stated that he realised the magnitude of the undertaking, and that he hoped I should get a body of men together who would be glad to co-operate in such a work, and whoever was employed, he said he wished to be well paid. This was the first interview I had ever had with Mr. Rhodes. He took out his cheque-book before he went, and left me a cheque for a handsome sum towards the work.

"I soon got together a body of scholars, and appointed one who was to be a general editor of



Photo: Lazarus, Claremont, C.C.

GROOTE SCHUUR · THE LIBRARY

the whole series of volumes. The work proceeded, and a large number of volumes were sent out, Mr. Rhodes writing me from time to time general directions as to how to proceed, and very clearly stating his special interest in various aspects of the matter. The large series of classics issued by Didot, by Lemaire, Pancoucke, Teubner, Valpy, and Nisard, were all supplied to him afterwards, with the idea that the translations which had been undertaken would be used with them. The translated authors, as well as the original texts, were bound up in morocco, in volumes of a handsome, square size.

"After some hundreds of volumes had been sent out of these translated texts and others, I proposed to Mr. Rhodes that he should allow me to supplement the undertaking by getting together all the information that I could from the best biographers in all languages who had written books relating to the Roman emperors, and blend the best of them together. This plan Mr. Rhodes fully approved, and a supplementary series of volumes was prepared, which resulted in the most extensive collection of biographies of the Roman emperors and empresses. The information for them was obtained by scouring the Continent for suitable material in the form of

books and pamphlets by scholars who had studied some particular branch of the matter, such, for instance, as the madness of Caligula. In this way about eighteen of the Roman emperors were treated, beginning with Augustus. The volumes were illustrated with drawings from rare coins, and much besides.

"At one time I had as many as twenty scholars engaged to do the work, in addition to indexers, typists, binders.

"Besides this great interest in Roman history, Mr. Rhodes was taken up at one time with the cults and creeds of the Phœnicians, Greeks, and Romans. He was also very interested in the ruins of Zimbabye, and any facts that I could get together relating to the early history of that part he greedily read."

I have referred to the large hall as a sort of museum. It contained not only specimens of old Dutch furniture, but also profoundly interesting relics from the famous Zimbabye ruins discovered in Mashonaland. There were little images of the solar discs, clay crucibles, carved soap-stone birds, burnishers, and relics of Phallic worship.

I cannot here describe the marvellous ruins from which these curios were taken, not only from the

great Zimbabye, but from others scattered along the west banks of the Sabi River. The reader will imagine how they fired the imagination of Cecil Rhodes. The whole ruins, with their relics of ancient art and religious cult, were utterly foreign to the African races. The romance of it all just suited Mr. Rhodes' temperament, and it opened a new world in Mashonaland remote from its savage life. The ruins were evidently not only the monuments of a religious cult, but formed a garrison for the protection of a gold-producing race. Thus the modern gold-mining enterprise was linked with another of a remote antiquity. Mr. Rhodes studied not only the ruins, but all the relics, as well as any history of the old-world migrations along the coast of Africa which he thought might throw light upon the wonderful discovery, and he brought over Mr. Theodore Bent, an expert archæologist, to assist his investigation.

I need only add to this brief description of the interior of the house, that Mr. Rhodes' bedroom was on the first floor, lighted with a large bay window which seemed to make the room almost a part of the mountain.

The most attractive feature in the bearing of the host of Groote Schuur was perhaps his genuine

delight at seeing the people about him. "Human beings," he called them, and I do not know that as visitors they often came into closer relation to him than this description indicated. They had free access to every part of the garden, plucked the flowers, broke branches off the trees, and generally treated the garden and grounds as if they were public property—on high days and holidays literally swarming all over the grounds. Mr. Rhodes never went amongst them, never harangued them or made their visits the occasion for any display. He simply enjoyed them from the stoep or his bedroom window. "How delightful," he once said to me, "to see one's fellow-creatures about one, enjoying themselves."

Occasionally, I think, when their attentions became embarrassing, the gardeners were authorised to limit the admissions; and even the "human beings" themselves respected the rights and requirements of privacy when Groote Schuur was in full swing and host and guests were obviously engaged in serious business. But the grounds were as a rule freely visited by the public.

To come to the hospitalities of Groote Schuur. I do not think that there was a more interesting luncheon and dinner table in the whole Empire.

Mr. Rhodes kept an almost open house, and had an open table for guests from every part of Africa, from the mother country, and from the Colonies. There were hunters and surveyors and scientific explorers from the interior, and railway and telegraph pioneers, on furlough, resting from their fight with fever and barbarism. There were missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, whose stations were friendly outposts for years before the great advance. I have met Free Church missionaries from Lake Nyanza one week-end, and the chief of the Jesuits the next, and the conversation at table was as various and interesting as the guests themselves. There was no stiffness, no formality; every guest was at his ease, and full of talk of hunting adventures, perils on the lakes and in the jungles, successes or discouragement in missionary work, and of the progress of the railways through the interior, while through it all ran that touch of romance which life and work in half-explored regions is sure to give.

Mr. Rhodes was always the life of the gatherings. He was never more winning, never more mesmeric, than at the head of his own table. He never dominated the company, as some hosts do, with dogmatic opinions, but drew information

and ideas from his guests with happy tact and skill.

On one occasion the chief of the Jesuits in Central Africa brought Mr. Rhodes a present of an exquisite tea and coffee service, covered with dead gold by a process known only in the monastery, where it was made, and which gave it the appearance of solid metal. Mr. Rhodes was delighted, and warm in his acknowledgment of so handsome a gift, and yet after the dinner which followed the presentation there was a warm but perfectly good-tempered discussion on papal infallibility in which the Jesuit Father took a leading part. He was rather closely pressed on the fallible conditions which seemed to limit the infallible judgment, and at last ended the discussion, with the good-natured assent of the company, with the dictum *Romæ locuta est*, adding, "I obey her command." Mr. Rhodes, as he often did, visited the British Museum for an argument. I met the "Father" months afterwards at the same table, and shall not soon forget his generous reference to the discussion.

But it was not only from the interior that visitors found their way to Groote Schuur and made the table-talk memorable. There were constantly arriving from Europe and America—I

say from Europe rather than from England, for they were of all nationalities—distinguished statesmen, engineers, soldiers, scientists, and ecclesiastics, and, last but not least, journalists of all ranks and shades of opinion. As soon as they had set their foot in Cape Town the "mesmeric personality" drew them to Groote Schuur, and not a few made the voyage on purpose to see and feel Rhodes.

I doubt if any home in the world ever attracted, as in a continuous stream, so many distinguished men. And they not only found him, but found themselves; for whatever they were in their own offices, homes, and spheres, they unburdened themselves with a charming freedom, which the atmosphere of the place seemed to favour. And almost all went away converts to Rhodes, and "expansion," and "the mountain," and several of them became fast friends for life.

Some of the visitors were "chiels takin' notes" —amongst them Iwan Müller, Bennet Burleigh, Monypenny, Amery, and Steevens, the famous journalist who so pathetically "found a strange short cut out of besieged Ladysmith." These and many others have long ago told the world what they saw and thought of this new centre of cosmopolitan life. Visitors indeed came and went like passing breezes from the old country. As an English friend

once remarked, "To stay at Groote Schuur is to be reminded of 'Ships that pass in the night'; you meet and know all sorts of interesting people, and then they are gone." It was indeed a central home with a world-wide hospitality.

I am sure that not only did the meeting of so many representatives of the intellectual movements of the time excite an interest in Mr. Rhodes and his doings, but they helped to quicken imperial sympathies. The Empire was on the move in South Africa, from the known to the comparatively unknown. Critics were questioning, and philanthropists doubting, but the fact remained that civilisation was conquering barbarism, and that fields of enterprise, closed for centuries, were opening to the life of the old world.

England was at the time of which I write brought near to one of her oldest dependencies, not without anxious glances, it may be, but with a new-born interest and affection. It is only a yachting cruise from the Cape to the old country, and many came to look and inquire, and some to stay. Groote Schuur will assuredly take its place amongst the centres from which imperial interests and sympathies have taken a new departure. It is, by the bequest of its

owner, to be the home of the first minister of a united South Africa, and this patriotic legacy only sets the seal to the purpose of a lifetime.

While I have the pleasantest recollection of evenings at Groote Schuur with distinguished Englishmen, I wish to name especially the visits of two friends much associated with Mr. Rhodes, one of them with his home life. I refer to Jan Hofmeyr and Edmund Garrett, neither of whom long survived him. Mr. Hofmeyr was not a frequent visitor, but he was an intimate friend of Mr. Rhodes, and had much intercourse with him. When Mr. Rhodes was isolated by the Raid, Mr. Hofmeyr said he felt as if he had lost his wife. These two men were undoubtedly the greatest figures in South African political life, and each supreme in his own sphere—Rhodes, whatever rôle he might sometimes assume, as the leader of the advance party, and Hofmeyr as the leader and trusted adviser of the Dutch politicians in and out of Parliament. Hofmeyr had a fine presence and a fine intelligence. No man saw more quickly all the bearings of a question, or took a more comprehensive survey of public affairs. He was really a broad-minded statesman, while loyal to the backbone to the Dutch people, who, many of them fresh from the back

veldt, were just feeling their way to political life. He followed that he might lead, dealt kindly with prejudices that he wished to break down, and retired from Parliament because he felt that he could train his people better by private and public intercourse than by party speeches and votes, which might not represent his own convictions, and might be misunderstood by both parties. He devoted his whole life to the political training of his own people, and to the increase of their political power, and he saw clearly that he could best achieve this, at least for a time, by supporting Cabinet ministers who would favour Dutch interests, rather than by assuming office himself. Without appearing on the scene, he won concession after concession, until Dutch and English were on a perfect equality in Parliament—each member allowed to speak in his own tongue—Votes and Proceedings printed in both languages, and proficiency in both languages required as a condition of entering the Civil Service.

It was most interesting to meet Rhodes and Hofmeyr in friendly consultation at Groote Schuur, each perfectly understanding the other and what the other wanted. Mr. Rhodes had too commanding an influence in the interior,



Photo: Edwards, Claremont, C.C.

GROOTE SCHUUR: THE HALL

where the Dutch had always been supreme, to be left alone by so astute a politician as Mr. Hofmeyr, while Mr. Hofmeyr's influence with the Dutch throughout South Africa was too great to be left out of Rhodes' calculations. Both believed in compromise; both had the idea that by keeping together, and perhaps modifying each other's programme, they could work together for the welfare of the country and the union of races.

They were both born politicians of a pragmatic type. They interrogated proposals in this wise: How will they work? How will they *work in* with existing conditions and, it may be, prejudices? How will they *work out* if these could be adapted or removed? "New truth" was to them in its very nature a go-between, a smoother over of transitions. "It married old opinion to new fact (and new purpose) so as ever to show a minimum of jolt."[1]

"You have got hold of the interior," said Mr. Hofmeyr to Mr. Rhodes, "now be generous. Let us down gently." "I will not let you down," said Mr. Rhodes. "I will take you with me." That was exactly characteristic of Mr. Rhodes—he never liked to set one influence, or indeed

[1] Professor William James.

one nationality, against another, he wished to include them all in his schemes. Hence he was, as we shall see, delighted with the Dutch settlers in Rhodesia, who were increasing in numbers under his influence. Mr. Hofmeyer was not, like Rhodes, a schemer of bold moves and advances, but they fascinated him, and he really helped them forward, and, in my judgment, but for the separating Raid, Hofmeyr's name would have been associated with Mr. Rhodes' larger schemes almost as much as it was in the affairs of the Colony. Mr. Hofmeyr did not like Krugerism, and made more than one vigorous protest against its narrow policy. Mr. Rhodes loved the Dutch, even although they sometimes thwarted his schemes.

To all lovers of South Africa it was a matter of rejoicing that Mr. Hofmeyr was able to take a part in the final act which sealed South African unity. The Empire mourned him when he died soon afterwards, scarcely out of harness; but perhaps his life-work was accomplished when the top-stone of the new edifice of South African unity was laid amidst general rejoicing.

I mention the late Edmund Garrett amongst the Groote Schuur guests for the sake of recording an incident in his friendship with Mr. Rhodes,

characteristic of both guest and host. Edmund Garrett was well known as a distinguished journalist of the old *Pall Mall* staff, in the days of Mr. Stead and Lord Milner, He came to the Colony, as many had done before him, to restore health broken down by lung trouble. He rallied sufficiently, however, to make a career for himself in South Africa of singular interest and attractiveness. He became editor of the *Cape Times*, and subsequently member of the Cape Parliament, and in both capacities exercised a strong and sympathetic influence. "He was good to look at," as Lord Milner once said to me, and indeed one could read in his face the personality that charmed you in his articles and speeches. It was a face full of character and determination, yet with soft outlines, and an atmosphere of sympathy never effaced by moods. Garrett always reminded me of Stevenson. Like Stevenson a sufferer from phthisis, he resembled him in his large, sane outlook upon life, and in his buoyant temperament, which always rose above his physical afflictions and gave charm to his intercourse alike with friend and stranger, in a way that made all reminiscences of him happy and memorable. He was intent at getting at people's feelings about things as well as their views. He was a personal friend

of Lord Milner, of Cecil Rhodes, and of Jan Hofmeyr, on the basis of perfect frankness about his own convictions. To have such a man, with wide sympathies (I cannot help repeating the word) and yet courageous temper, at a time of strained relations and sometimes bitter antipathies amongst public men and parties, was an inestimable advantage. After the Raid he sought out Mr. Rhodes whenever he had a chance. Indeed Mr. Rhodes said of him, "It is very good to see him, but he is too eager to work changes. Affairs and men must take their course for a bit."

The incident in question took place when I met Edmund Garrett one Sunday morning at breakfast at Groote Schuur. Rhodes was in a rather overbearing temper, and angry at an article of Garrett's which had appeared in the *Times* the day before. Rhodes said something to the effect that he had a right to look for fairer play from a paper in which he took so large an interest. I think that, perhaps, the words were taken in a sense not intended by the speaker. At all events, Edmund Garrett rose from his seat, and, looking straight at Mr. Rhodes, replied, "I think it is good for you, Mr. Rhodes, that your paper has an editor who does not care a damn if he pleases or displeases you."

There was perfect and painful silence for a minute. Then Mr. Rhodes said quietly, "Yes, it is best so, and I'm sorry if I seemed to question it. I have never inspired an article in your paper, or requested that a given 'line' should be taken, but you might at least be careful about facts."

I must pass from Groote Schuur to other topics, but it will always furnish delightful memories indissolubly associated with the life of Cecil Rhodes. The great and interesting personalities, who seemed to bring Africa and England together in grave discussion and stimulating talk, were ere long drawn into a far wider sphere, which made life at Groote Schuur not only a home memory, but a part of imperial history.

CHAPTER VII

MR. RHODES AS POLITICIAN AND PREMIER

If it be statesmanship to take in all the bearings of public questions and policies upon each other, and upon the general welfare, rather than to ride a hobby or be consumed with a single ambition, then Mr. Rhodes was a great statesman. The northern expansion was his life-work, but it never stood alone—it was part of a great South African policy. Mr. Rhodes possessed in a remarkable degree the habit of mind which deals with details in relation to wholes, and, on the other hand, working out the wholes into detail. In discussing ordinary matters, as a director of companies, or an adviser of individuals, as he called them, he displayed this faculty in a remarkable degree; but in wider matters of public policy, this grip of the whole and the parts, of related facts and truths, amounted to genius. I can remember an occasion at a meeting of the De Beers board, of which I was a member—when some material alterations in the policy and business of the board were being dis-

cussed—which furnished a remarkable illustration of this faculty. Mr. Rhodes was already in the shadow of his last illness, and somewhat excited and fretful. Stretching his arm across the table, he directed the secretary to take down his scheme for effecting the change. It was all in his brain, and came out point by point with wonderful clearness without aid of pen or paper. All present, including Mr. Hawksley, the company's solicitor, were, I think, struck with the masterful ease with which he expounded his views. No detail was omitted, and the whole scheme had a rounded completeness which hushed discussion, and was ultimately accepted by the directors as the solution of a difficult problem. He rose from his seat when he had finished, requesting the solicitor to put the proposals into legal shape before the next meeting of the board. "Now I must be going," he remarked; "I am not at all well, and I am off for a motor tour in Scotland to pick up strength." It was, I believe, the last trip of the kind he ever took.

If the reader will follow me, I will show how this quality of comprehensiveness was exhibited in his ideas of public policy.

This policy may be looked at under three heads—the expansion of the Colony, the federation, or,

as he so frequently called it, the union of the South African States, and the government of the Cape Colony proper when he became its Premier. The first of these, with which I have already dealt, is said naturally to have dominated the rest, but as a matter of fact they were all fused in his mind as a great South African policy. The northern expansion was good in itself, but it was to react on the south, extend its markets, and strengthen its politics and legislation. He disbelieved in small experiments in government, which narrowed the brains of politicians and the sphere of their interests, and favoured petty intrigues and cliques. "Bring all South Africa into the Parliament House at Cape Town," he once said, "and you will widen the Colony into a true State."

His eagerness for a united South Africa has not been half appreciated. From his first entrance into public life, long before the Royal Charter was obtained or the North explored, from the first session to the last, it was urged in innumerable speeches and yet more in private talk. Undoubtedly he wanted a united South Africa to buttress the North, but the North was to give its quota in return, until North and South, from Cape Point to Lake Tanganyika, should form one vast

federation, as large as Europe, under the British flag.

Mr. Rhodes did not, of course, at first see his way to a full union, which should include the Republics, such as is now happily accomplished. But he was wont to quote Mr. Bryce to show that a limited federation was possible between States, without a common flag. As a preliminary step towards this result, he advocated, and did his best to bring about, a customs union from Natal to Walfisch Bay, that is, right across South Africa, and from farthest north to farthest south, also an arrangement with railways that should foster inter-communication, commercial, social, and intellectual, until a more perfect union could be accomplished. He also hoped, with a vain hope, I fear, that a common native policy should be arranged.

His ideas of a united South Africa went far beyond commercial relations, and he laid particular stress on that union in public endeavour, which could only come from a true and enlightened citizenship. He wanted citizens with a wide horizon, who would follow the destinies, not only of their own districts, but also of the country at large—in other words, true South Africans. Hence no one attached greater importance to

the higher education than Cecil Rhodes. It is perhaps too much to say that he did not value culture so much on its own account or for the enjoyment it gave to leisure hours, as for its effect in the building up of a community, but it very nearly amounted to this. A united South Africa, he said, meant not merely the enlarging of boundaries, or even the blending of Governments, but a union of communities, made one, by intelligent and sympathetic citizenship.

I can hardly convey to the reader how strongly these thoughts possessed his mind, but they were brought home to me by frequent conversations. I think I was the first who suggested to him the idea of establishing and endowing a South African residential and teaching University. I was a member of the South African College Council, and, with Professor Hahn and others, was interesting myself in strengthening it on the science side. I asked him for some help in the establishment of a new physical laboratory. He at once gave me a cheque for £300, and told me to come for more if it were needed. This opened up the question of consolidating and strengthening the various colleges in the Colony, which, as then worked, involved a great waste of strength and money, by the establishment

of a teaching and residential University for the whole of South Africa. Once it was started, Mr. Rhodes pursued the question until a scheme was matured. The University was to be a sort of "replica" of Oriel College, Oxford, and the religious or denominational difficulty was to be met by the establishment of "halls" where such special instruction, as each religious body required, was to be given. Plans of an elaborate nature were submitted, and everything ready for a start. The scheme was delayed, however, on the representation of Mr. Hofmeyr that it would injure the Dutch Collegiate Institution at Stellenbosch.

It was delayed, but not abandoned. About six months before the Raid I left Cape Town for England for a much-needed holiday. Before I left I had a long evening at Groote Schuur discussing the details of the proposed University. It was definitely decided that the building should be proceeded with as soon as possible, and the site was fixed. Mr. Rhodes' last words to me were, "You will find the foundations laid if you are back by January next year." Alas, in that interval the Raid happened, which turned so many things upside down. The University was never even commenced.

I mention this scheme now, out of its order,

perhaps, because in an extract from a speech which I shall quote immediately, Mr. Rhodes so clearly identifies it with the public policy of a united South Africa—with the union of intellectual interests as well as governments. No one can understand Mr. Rhodes' statesmanship who does not take in these under-currents. There was in his design for a South African University the same idea of linking educational and national life as appeared afterwards in his great scheme of Oxford scholarships, which were to establish a new bond of union between the Teutonic races.

Mr. Rhodes' speeches are full of these ideas, and may be quoted freely in their support. They are not examples of polished rhetoric, or even of logical appeal, but they are alive with Rhodes, and alive with South African ideals and affairs, and the "human beings" that are concerned with them.

One memorable speech, addressed to his constituents in Barkly West, one year before he obtained the Charter, and two years before he became Premier, is perhaps the most vigorous and comprehensive he ever delivered, and illustrates that breadth of policy I have been endeavouring to expound. I will quote somewhat freely from it. After giving a sketch of Cape

politics since the time he had a seat in Parliament, and commenting on the narrow issues with which it dealt, he says:—

"It was at this time, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, that I found myself studying Cape politics from what I may humbly suggest was a broader platform. On looking at the map, the South African question appears to consist of a number of anomalies—an extraordinary mixture of direct imperial interests, such as Natal; Republics such as the Transvaal and the Free State coupled with a large native territory alien in race and sentiment; the government of Cape Colony itself divided owing to race division—all this seems a problem to deal with; but you know there are keys to every puzzle, and I long ago came to the conclusion, and I have the courage to challenge any one to deny it, that the key of the puzzle lay in the possession of the interior, at that time an unknown quantity."

These words, in connection with other appeals to follow, mean that expansion and unification could alone make South Africa a great State.

Alluding, I imagine, to Mr. Hofmeyr, he says: "If he now fails to accept this position, Cape politics will go on in their old groove. Weak amongst ourselves, we shall be still weaker

to deal with the neighbouring States. We shall pass our time in mutual recrimination and a hopeless policy. Meantime the developments that nature has given us will pass into other hands."

In the same speech, and in a still more characteristic vein, he says:—

"Consider it, gentlemen, you are waiting by the river. I would say that such a policy is one which you must advocate and support. Some of you are miners by birth, by education, and profession, and I believe you are as capable of developing the far interior as you have been of developing the alluvial wealth of the Vaal River. If you have any faith in me as your member, it is because you know I have not confined my political attention to advocating a Barkly pump. My ideas have always been directed towards the broad question of South African politics, and I believe that if I succeed in the object of my political ambition—that is, the expansion of the Cape Colony to the Zambesi—I shall provide for you in the future, success in the prospecting for and the production of gold, far beyond that which has occurred to you in the development of your property on the river. I look on you as waiting by the river—waiting for such an expansion as can only fall to this colony."

"When it has been said to me that my future lies in engaging in English politics, I reply that I consider that no grander future can belong to any statesman than that of dealing with the complicated questions of South Africa, and the enormous expansion that lies before us in the dark interior. With that I believe my life will be connected; and if I deal with that expansion, I sincerely hope that many of you will share in that development. I am tired of this mapping out of Africa at Berlin, without occupation, without development, without any claim to the position the various countries demand. My belief is that the development of South Africa should fall to the country or countries which by their progress shall show that they are best entitled to it. . . . And I have confidence that the people of Cape Colony have the will, and the pluck, and the energy to adopt this as their inheritance."

This reference to those who should possess the north as "standing by the river" is one of those touches of romance so frequent in Mr. Rhodes' speeches and so ingrained in his nature. The river stands as the symbol of the dividing line between present achievement and future inheritance. Those who stood by the river are those who are eager to press forward when the water

should be bridged and the pioneers should beckon them on. He used the phrase to myself when he accosted me on his return from England after I had moved a resolution in the Legislative Assembly favouring the northern railway expansion. "Still standing by the river," he said; "I shall soon throw a bridge over it," and so he did.

At a later stage of his career, but before South African affairs became imperial, Mr. Rhodes made an impressive appeal for union, in which he says: "We can federate without bringing up that awful question of the flag. One knows in the end which flag will fly. What does this confederation mean? It means a great future for your children. It means *a distribution of thought to your families* between mining, commercial, and political work—all those classes of work which are given to human beings to accomplish."

I will give one more extract from the speeches, which clearly states the purpose for which he wished to found a residential University for South Africa—a purpose to which I have already called attention.

"I have obtained enormous subscriptions in order to found a teaching University in the Cape Colony. I will own to you why I feel so strongly in favour of that project. I saw at Bloemfontein

the immense feeling of friendship that all the members had for the Grey Institute, where they had been educated, and from which they had gone out to the world. It was the pleasantest dinner I had there, and I said to myself that if we could get a teaching University founded in the Cape Colony, taking the young people from Bloemfontein, Pretoria, and Natal, having the young men going in there from the ages of eighteen to twenty-one, they would go back to the Free State, to the Transvaal, and to Natal—let me even say they will go back to Mashonaland—tied to one another by the strongest feelings which can be created, because the period of your life when you indulge in friendships which are seldom broken is from the age of eighteen to twenty-one. Therefore, if we had a teaching residential University, these young men would go forth into all parts of South Africa prepared to make the future of the country, and in their hands *the great question of union could safely be left.* Meanwhile, gentlemen, I shall submit this proposition to Parliament, and I hope it will meet with support. It may be that the institutions which exist at Stellenbosch, the Diocesan College at Rondebosch, or the South African College, may feel that one

is interfering with their objects and collegiate work; but I feel that should a teaching University such as I have indicated be established—and as I have said, the scheme has been most liberally supported at home—the young men who will attend it will *make the union of South Africa in the future. Nothing will overcome the associations and the aspirations they will form under the shadow of Table Mountain.*"

I have already pointed out that when Mr. Rhodes first proposed this scheme in 1891 his anticipation that one or more of the existing colleges might interfere with it was fulfilled. With the assistance of Dr. Muir, I had called together a meeting of the heads of the various colleges, or rather members of their governing bodies, to discuss their amalgamation. The Diocesan and South African Colleges were eager to fall in with the scheme, but the Stellenbosch representatives stood out; one of the Dutch Reformed Church ministers saying that he feared the association of the Dutch students with the Rooi-Necks—or Englishmen—on moral grounds! I have already described what took place on the revival of the scheme.

Having described the breadth and meaning of Mr. Rhodes' South African policy, co-ordinating as it did the great South African movements

with which his name was associated—to wit, northern expansion, the union of South African States, and his work as Premier of the Cape Colony—it is necessary to refer a little more in detail to his administration in the latter capacity.

Mr. Rhodes accepted the position of Premier with some reluctance. He was attracted to it by his deep interest in South African affairs, but he saw clearly the difficulties of the dual position, of exercising a supreme control both in the north and the south, when the former was still in the course of development, and not only required the best of his time and energy, but had interests which might not in some points be identical with those of the Colony.

After consulting, with characteristic caution, "the various sections of the House, including the Bond," he received such general assurance of sympathy and fair-play that he accepted the Premiership with the public pledge that if he found the two positions incompatible, he would resign it. He had not sought office; it had come to him as the natural result of his great personality, and of the way in which he had lifted South African affairs above the level of ordinary politics and created for them a world-wide interest. On the side of those who helped to put him into

power, it was not only a surrender to a masterful publicist, but a tribute to great ideals.

It has been said frequently that Mr. Rhodes accepted the Premiership for his own purposes, and that he dealt casually with purely colonial affairs, and took little interest in the welfare of the country. While I can give such a statement the most absolute contradiction, I am bound to say that he himself was largely responsible for its vogue. To those who, he thought, failed to understand his great northern enterprise, or who were unreasonable in making demands on his time, or pressed too strongly upon him the local requirements of their districts, he had a way of speaking almost slightingly of his duties and responsibilities as Premier of the Colony, as compared with his greater responsibilities in the north.

But I can say, from personal and public experience, that he took the warmest interest in the political and material welfare of the Colony, and went fairly into the details of every question that was brought before him, looking through it, and round it, with the greatest interest and attention.

I was in a position to know this, not only from private intimacy, but from the fact that I was chairman of what was, and I suppose is, called the

Progressive party in Parliament. This party, numbering about twenty-eight, was formed soon after Mr. Rhodes' accession to power, to watch legislation in the interests of Progressive politics, to give Mr. Rhodes fair-play, and, where possible, support on the one side, and, on the other, to see that the ascendancy of the Bond party and their association with Mr. Rhodes did not affect injuriously the progress of the country and its imperial interests. That party was destined to play an important part in the critical times which followed. Before long it came into power. There was another party during the latter part of Mr. Rhodes' administration, led by Sir James Rose Innes, consisting of about twelve members, which might be more properly called "the Opposition." The two practically merged when Sir Gordon Sprigg succeeded Mr. Rhodes and Sir James Rose Innes joined his Cabinet.

The observer of Mr. Rhodes' conduct during his term of office—about six years—might say, and with some truth, that he was hanging on to the skirts of the Bond party, and supporting and occasionally modifying measures which he would never have originated. *The same could be said with more or less truth of every ministry that took office during the twenty-three years I*

represented Cape Town in the Cape Parliament. The Bond party, under the sagacious leadership of Mr. Hofmeyr, though not strong enough to take office themselves, were too powerful to be ignored, and had much to do with the rise and fall of ministries, and, to a certain extent, with their policy. But Mr. Rhodes was undoubtedly more in harmony with the Dutch party than other ministries who only occasionally gave them plums. The members of it sat behind Rhodes and considered themselves his followers.

As Prime Minister he encouraged additional protection to colonial industries, and even sanctioned a flogging clause in the Masters and Servants Act, characteristically moving a proviso that corporal punishment should not be administered except for a second offence. This enactment was, of course, only intended to apply to black servants, and principally to coloured farm servants. But there could not be one law for the black and another for the white, and it really included all servants. It was regarded by many, and I think rightly, as a disgrace to the Statute Book.

But there was always a limit clearly fixed in his own mind to these casual adoptions and adaptations of measures mainly initiated by the

Country party. Thus he carried the Scab Act, in the teeth of bucolic prejudices, for cleansing the flocks and so improving the quality and quantity of the Cape wool; and on the appointment of a successor to Sir Langham Dale, the Superintendent-General of Education, Mr. Rhodes refused to accept the nominees of the Bond party, believing that it was far better to import fresh educational blood from Europe. I was leaving for England at the time this appointment was vacant, and Mr. Sauer, the Colonial Secretary, asked me at the last moment to look out a man whom I might think suitable for the post. After many inquiries, and with the assistance of Sir David Gill, I selected Dr. Muir, subject, of course, to the approval and acceptance of the Government. Mr. Rhodes was visiting England about the time that the choice was made, and I invited Dr. Muir to meet him and myself at the Agent-General's office. We all lunched together with Sir Charles Mills and Sir Charles Dilke. After the meal was over, Mr. Rhodes took me into another room and warmly approved the choice I had made, adding, "Let us frame a cable at once to tell the Cabinet to make the appointment." A short but memorable conversation accompanied this decision. After I had written

the cable, Rhodes said to me, "I know you and some of your friends think I am too subservient to the Country party; but I would throw up my position to-morrow, rather than hand over the youth of the Cape Colony to any person not in my judgment fully qualified for such a responsible position, however ardently he might be supported by local authorities. You know," he added, "the legislation which pleases the Dutch farmers. Well, I have great sympathy with them; they have needs and experiences which we are all, I sincerely think, apt to overlook. I help them as far as I can, instead of opposing them. Is not that the better way? It pleases them and it pleases me. As for other minor measures, which I have supported, if men like to put blue ribbons on their cattle when they send them to market, why shouldn't they?" He meant that such measures as he referred to were not matters of serious policy, but "embroidery."

Mr. Rhodes took a firm stand against the high-handed proceedings of the Netherlands Railway Company, backed by the Transvaal Government, in the famous drifts dispute. When the railway was constructed through to Johannesburg, the Cape Government arranged "through rates" with

the Netherlands Railway from Cape ports to Johannesburg, which gave Cape mercantile firms a fair chance in competition with Delagoa Bay and Natal. When the agreement ceased, however, and the Delagoa Bay line was open for traffic, the Netherlands Company, backed by the Transvaal Government, so greatly increased the railway rates from the southern boundary of the Transvaal to Johannesburg—about fifty-two miles—as to destroy the inter-colonial trade. The Cape merchants met this difficulty by forwarding the goods in ox-waggons from the larger stations outside or below the Transvaal boundary, whereupon Paul Kruger closed the drifts of the river where the waggons crossed (there were no bridges), and placed an armed guard to stop them. An enormous accumulation of goods on the banks of the river, as well as loss of property, was the result.

This arbitrary proceeding was clearly an infraction of Article 13 of the London Convention, which ran as follows:—"Nor will any prohibition be maintained or imposed on the importation into the South African Republic of any article coming from Her Majesty's dominions which does not equally extend to the like article coming from any other place or country."

Mr. Rhodes and his Attorney-General, Mr.

Schreiner, at once firmly protested against this breach of the Convention, and invoked the aid of the Imperial Government to guard their own treaty. It was resolved to force the drifts by an armed expedition should the Transvaal Government persist in their policy, the Cape and Imperial Governments sharing the cost. The Transvaal, however, soon gave way before this resolute attitude, and the drifts were opened and reasonable rates arranged.

I mention these circumstances to show that Mr. Rhodes was not the subservient politician he is sometimes made out to be, but pursued an independent course when it was necessary. I was often present at interviews with politicians from both sides of the House, when his attitude towards men and measures was frankly avowed, and it was generally in the direction I have indicated.

While an advocate for responsible government, Mr. Rhodes was always impatient of the lines on which political parties divided at the Cape. He abhorred mere race antagonisms. "When such questions as the political status of the natives are in question, or the extension of railways, or the material legislation which young countries always require, why cannot we meet

as 'friends in council,'" he would ask, "instead of dealing with every subject from a party point of view?"

It is a pleasure to turn from "an apologia" for what was deemed a questionable political alliance, to the really constructive work which Mr. Rhodes achieved while Prime Minister. No one knows better than myself the amazing amount of work and thought it involved.

A redistribution of the Cabinet, to which reference will be made hereafter, gave Mr. Rhodes an opportunity of taking a portfolio instead of merely presiding over the deliberations of the Cabinet. To the surprise of all parties, he took that of Minister of Native Affairs, and a year afterwards he produced that feat of statesmanship which is known as the Glen Grey Act.

Let me quote his own words in introducing the measure:—

"Now it happens," he says, "in the rearrangement of the Cabinet I was given the charge of the natives, and, naturally, what faced me was the enormous extent of the native problem. In addition to the natives in the Colony, I am responsible for another half-million on this side of the Zambesi. By the instrumentality of responsible government, and also by that of another position which I occupy,

I feel that I am responsible for about two millions of human beings! The question which has submitted itself to my mind with regard to the natives is—What is their present state? I find that they are increasing enormously. I find that there are certain locations for them where, without any right or title to the land, they are herded together. They are multiplying to an enormous extent, and these locations are becoming too small. The Transkei" (a large extent of territory to the east of the Kei River on the eastern frontier of the Colony) "could support, perhaps, its present population of six hundred thousand people, but it is not able to support double that population. The natives there are increasing at an enormous rate. The old diminutions of war and pestilence do not occur. Our good government prevents them from fighting, and the result is an enormous increase in numbers. The natives devote their minds to an enormous extent to the multiplication of children. What are we to do? We have given them no share in the government, and I think rightly, too, and no interest in the local development of their country. What, then, is to become of these people?"

Before I give Mr. Rhodes' own answer to the question, I will add to his telling and vivid de-

scription of the native position, that these native locations, dotted with huts which at once attract the attention of the traveller, are to a large extent regulated by Kaffir law and custom, and only to a certain extent controlled. by the Government. Detached from their own natural life by conquest, and only very partially assimilated by the civilised community about them, they lack corporate existence. When I first went to the Colony in 1864, I should think that three out of four of the male Kaffirs spent their lives in idleness, while the women did the work required, such as growing the mealies and cooking the food. The tribes lived on the cattle which grazed round the huts; their traditions were all bovine, and their life and government was more or less communal. In course of time the construction of railways and mining operations swept into fields of labour and enterprise a large number of the male Kaffirs, but this had happened to a very limited extent when the Glen Grey Act was submitted to the Cape Parliament.

Independently of these openings for labour, a certain portion of the Kaffir tribes, say ten per cent., with a certain instinct for civilisation, or through the missionary industrial institutions had found their way into the towns, and worked

as coolies and warehousemen in mercantile houses or on to the farms, where they were employed as labourers or herds. By far the majority, however, were in the condition Mr. Rhodes assumed they were.

Bearing these facts in mind, the reader will, I hope, be able to judge of the statesmanship which conceived and carried through the Glen Grey Act.

Mr. Rhodes proposed to enclose an area around Glen Grey and in Fingoland, and such other localities as might be suitable for the proclamation of the Act, which should contain many thousand natives, and to *give them a corporate life.* There was to be a governing body, partly elected by the natives and partly nominated by the Government, who had power to tax the natives for the erection of schools and for educational purposes generally, for the building of roads and bridges, the plantation of trees, and such other duties as municipalities or village management boards discharged. There were two other features of the Act which must be noted—its system of land tenure and the labour tax. Land available for cattle and cultivation was parcelled out in allotments of about twelve acres. English politicians may be surprised to

learn that the title provided that, while the allotment was to be held in perpetuity, it passed on to the eldest son on the death of the original holder. This proviso was to prevent the breaking up of the smaller estates, and to check disputes amongst survivors. It also provided that the allotments could not be alienated without the consent of the Government, which provision was to prevent them from being disposed of to creditors or possibly neighbouring farmers—in other words, to keep the community and its land tenure intact and prevent encroachments, which would ultimately destroy the new commonwealth.

The labour tax was altogether a new departure—it was a tax, not on labour, but on laziness. All able-bodied Kaffirs not owning an allotment, principally the sons of those who did, were compelled by the Act to pay a tax of ten shillings annually, provided they were not employed at a regular wage by a *bonâ fide* master either inside or outside the settlement. This was intended to drive the "young bloods" out of the locations to work, instead of lolling about all day in their blankets, as well as to provide labour for the farmers.

"There are a large number of young men in

these locations," said Mr. Rhodes, "who are like younger sons at home, or, if you will have it so, like young men about town. These young natives live in the native areas or locations with their fathers and mothers, and never do one stroke of work. They are a nuisance to every district in the Transkei, to every magistrate in the Transkei, and to every location. We want to get hold of these young men and make them go out to work, and the only way to do this is to compel them to pay a certain labour tax if they remain idle. It must be brought home to them that nine-tenths of them will have to spend their lives in physical work."

I have given sufficient account of the Glen Grey Act to explain its general purport. A bolder or more original measure was never submitted to a legislative assembly. It was founded on the conviction that the tribal life of the Kaffir was an organised life; that the Kaffir for ages had been a born politician in his own sphere, and that the way to bring him into line with civilised life and a true citizenship was to develop and give play to these instincts, and put public responsibility upon his shoulders to the extent to which he could bear it.

The law of the Colony, of course, was not ex-

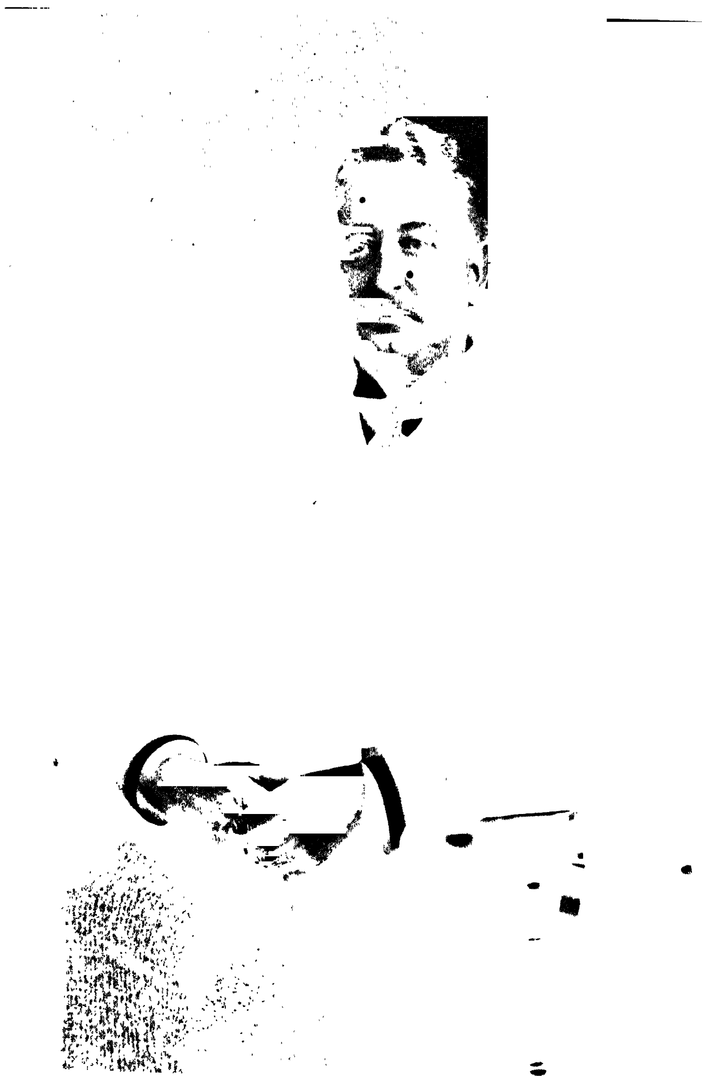


Photo: W. & D. Downey, London

RT. HON. CECIL RHODES

cluded from these areas. The Queen's writ ran in them as much as it did in other locations and corporations, but the duty of local administration was imposed upon them much as it was upon village management boards and municipalities. In the matter of providing for education, however, their powers were greater than these bodies possessed.

The Bill and its policy made, as might have been expected, a great stir in the country, and was warmly criticised both within and without the walls of Parliament. Some maintained that the setting up of a sort of *imperium in imperio* for the natives would hinder their fusion with the life and institutions of the country—a fusion which ordinary methods would in the long run best secure. Others, again, strongly objected to the tax on lazy men as vexatious and irritating, and thought that the slow but sure absorption of the natives into the great industrial movements of the country was the best education in what Mr. Rhodes styled "the dignity of labour."

A great deal depended for the fairness and success of the measure on how the balance was kept between the natives and the white outsiders, and some who read these papers may remind me that I myself carried an amendment,

to modify the effect of the labour tax, to the effect that help to another native in working his plot should, for the purposes of the Act, be considered labour, exempting the native from the tax; and that when Mr. Rhodes, after having accepted my amendment, accepted another entirely in a different direction, I turned round on the third reading and both voted and spoke against the Bill in its final shape. This is indeed true. I took this course because, while I accepted, *ex animo*, the principle of the Bill, I considered that the balance between white and black had been disturbed, and that the Bill as it finally passed was unfair to native interests.

As it turned out, these objectionable provisions were not pressed in administration, and the Bill achieved a great success. About one hundred and sixty thousand natives were provided for in the areas, and, thanks to excellent administration, the result which Mr. Rhodes anticipated was to a large extent produced. Schools were built, trees planted, and social regulations enforced. In fact, it was often said that, in their zeal for education and social improvement, the Glen Grey and Fingoland natives put to shame the indifference shown to such matters in some of the northern districts of the Colony. The labour tax

was, I believe, almost a dead letter, and was never seriously enforced. The natives in the south heard "the call" from the north. Agents were busy amongst them, and thousands went from the Transkei and Glen Grey, either to form gangs for railway construction or to work in the mines, and slowly and surely the fitfulness and uncertainty of native labour are disappearing before the requirements and habits of organised industry.

I may note as a personal matter that Mr. Rhodes was very angry with me for the course I took, telling me with a good deal of forcible language that I was bound to support the Bill when he had accepted an amendment from me which would cost him more trouble than all the rest of the clauses put together. I held my ground, however, and for once in a long friendship hot words ensued between us. The next day he wrote me a handsome apology for his hard words, asking me at the same time to come to Groote Schuur that evening.

During Mr. Rhodes' Premiership a sort of Reform Bill was passed, in charge of Sir James Innes, the Attorney-General, by which the ballot was given to the voters, and the franchise was raised, so as to somewhat restrict the native vote. The provisions which give a vote to any man

who earns £1 a week regular wage remained, but in that which gave a vote to the owner of every freehold worth £25 the value was changed to £75, and in addition the Act required that the claim for a vote must be in the handwriting of the voter and signed by him. Thus the property qualification was raised, and a simple educational test added to the franchise qualification.

I believe this measure was wise and necessary, although it is most difficult to raise a political qualification and restrict a privilege once conferred. Before the Bill was considered in committee, Mr. Hofmeyr came to me, as chairman of the Progressive Committee, and said, "Our people (the Bond members) don't like the ballot at all, and I suppose some of your people don't like raising the franchise, but I will undertake that they will accept the former if your people will accept the latter." Upon this I called a meeting of the Progressives, and they agreed to the proposal with one dissentient.

I and some others entirely approved of the slight change in the franchise, above all of the educational qualification, but the cross voting when the division was taken looked rather funny. Some members who represented constituencies where the native vote was large challenged the

change, and when the Progressives trooped over with the Dutch members to support the Government, spectators in the gallery were somewhat puzzled.

I should like to say in passing that I believe the policy of the Cape Colony with regard to the gift of the franchise to the natives is the right policy, and must in the end prevail in the Union Government, although it must be borne in mind that the position of the natives in the Colony differs very much from that of other communities in South Africa. They are more detached from communal habits, and more advanced towards civilised ways. Many of them own property, and are possessors of arms. When a man, either white or black, has so far accepted civilisation as to be a working, wage-earning citizen, sufficiently educated to read and write, he is, in my judgment, entitled to a voice in the government of the country. He has thereby an outlet for the appeal against grievances which used to be expressed in war. The franchise qualification may be rather too low. I think it is, for a country where the bulk of the population are slowly emerging from barbarism; but the policy which disregards colour, and makes the qualification solely depend upon the position acquired, is surely the only one equit-

able or possible. Nor has it, so far, worked badly. The members of Parliament who have represented constituencies where the native vote is large have been excellent and capable men. Sir James Innes, now Chief Justice of the Transvaal, was one of them.

Mr. Rhodes, after much consideration and experience, came to the same conclusion. There is some banter, at the change in the Dutch policy towards the natives, in the following words, but they undoubtedly represent his conviction :—

"Both sides of the House are quite clear upon the black question. I have had some doubts about the Bond, but was delighted when Mr. Van der Walt said that the one thing he was hoping for was to see Jabavu sitting side by side with him in the House. The pure native in Tembuland voted with the Bond, although the Progressives had declared their programme of equal rights for every civilised man south of the Zambesi. By that we mean that any men, provided they can write their name, place of residence, and occupation, and that they are workers, and possessed of some property, quite irrespective of colour, would be entitled to these rights. But the Bond has gone one better still. They are hungering for Tengo Jabavu in the House, and the Bond gained

its present position in the House by the support of the pure native voters. As to the coloured people, I owe them a deep debt of obligation for the work they have done for me in Rhodesia. It was they who, with their corps, stormed the fastnesses of Matabeleland. They did so not once, but repeatedly, and I regard them as one of the great sources of prosperity in this country. Changing from the Matoppos to my fruit farm, I have ascertained from Californians, with whom I have discussed the question of labour, that they have nothing to equal in California the coloured man as a labourer. That is my contribution to the position of the coloured men in this country, and I am thankful to take the opportunity to make such a statement."

This deliverance gives unmistakably Mr. Rhodes' view of the right of the native to the franchise, and even favours the idea that the Tengo Jabavus might take a seat in Parliament. At all events, he was glad to hear a typical Boer member, who afterwards joined the rebels in the Transvaal War, express his desire to have him by his side. Tengo, it must be added, was an educated Kaffir who had passed the matriculation examination at the Cape University, and edited most ably a Kaffir newspaper.

There is nothing further especially calling for notice in Mr. Rhodes' parliamentary career, saving perhaps his luminous speeches on finance, and his well-balanced judgment on most political questions when some special considerations, generally candidly avowed, did not give him a bias.

Looking back on the twenty-three years that I sat in the Cape Parliament, I think I remember most pleasantly the time when Rhodes was Prime Minister, and Messrs. Merriman, Sauer, Sir James Siveright, and Sir James Innes, and subsequently Mr. Schreiner, were members of the Cabinet. They were what Disraeli called the members of the Gladstone Cabinet, "a ministry of all the talents." They would have been recognised as strong men in any Parliament in the world. Rhodes' easy, persuasive yet luminous speech contrasted pleasantly with the more strenuous and cultured dialectic of his confreres. Every question was dealt with most capably, and although ministers sometimes had rough weather, there was rarely any bitterness in debate, and party feeling and strictly party division was scarcely known. Rhodes had "consulted all parties," as we have seen, when he took office, and all parties felt his masterful lead and were disposed to support the man who was opening up Africa, and who was,



Photo: E. D. Ravenscroft

at the same time that he was governing the Cape Colony, carrying railways and telegraphs and civilising agencies through the heart of barbarism.

But the "ministry of all the talents" was not destined to hold together. Some differences arose in the Cabinet, from a cause which need not be described, which differences issued in the resignation of four of the leading members, Messrs. Merriman, Sauer, Innes, and Sir James Siveright.

Needless to say, once adrift from Rhodes' leadership, most of these gentlemen became the centres of new political combinations, the history of which lies beyond the scope of my narrative. Rhodes held on, and, as we have seen, achieved some of his best political work with new comrades.

But ere long Rhodes himself, as this story must tell, followed the fate of all Premiers, and was seen no more on the Government benches. The most powerful leader that the Cape Parliament had ever known was not, however, lost to the House; indeed, when the great catastrophe to be hereafter described compelled his resignation, he was again returned to Parliament as member for Barkly, no longer, however, to cast over parliamentary life the spell of a great leader.

CHAPTER VIII

THE RAID AND AFTER

Now that South Africa has entered upon a new era of political life, giving more promise of united effort, and of the subordination, if not the effacement, of race distinctions, than any political event which has happened in its long and troubled history, it seems almost sacrilege to open wounds closing not only with the healing touch of time, but from that new awakening of patriotic life which is effacing the old geographical boundaries and stirring the whole population with a new longing for unity.

But there seems a disposition on all sides, not altogether to ignore the past, but to remember its heroisms, and profit by its mistakes and failures. General Smuts has spoken of the deeds of the Imperial Light Horse as a national inheritance, while General Botha has become a friend of the man who led the forlorn hope from Pitsani. Even if it were otherwise, I could not ignore an event which brought about Mr. Rhodes' downfall, and so materially affected the closing

years of his life. I was away in England at the time of the Raid, but I was afterwards a member of the committee of the House of Assembly appointed by the Speaker to "inquire into and report upon" the movement that went by that name.

Let me briefly follow the story, as it came into my life, and as it affected Mr. Rhodes' career and public reputation.

On the 29th of December 1895, Jameson started from Pitsani to effect a junction with the revolutionists in Johannesburg, and bring to an end the Kruger regime, or force it to accept a more just policy. At the close of the session in that same year, in July or August, I left for England for a six months' holiday, but before I started, two interviews left an impression on my mind. One was with Mr. Rhodes. In saying good-bye at Groote Schuur, Mr. Rhodes took me into his library and talked about the new University, of which I have already written, then, with great gravity, still keeping his hand in mine at the farewell shake, he said, "One thing I should like to tell you. The Kruger regime, with its crew of Hollanders and the tyranny of the Zarps" (the foreign police in the service of the Republic), "must come to an end." He

paused for a moment, as if hesitating whether he should say more, when a knock was heard at the door and the talk was ended.

The other interview was with Sir Hercules Robinson, then Governor of Cape Colony. Speaking of the unsettled state of things in the Transvaal, he told me that it was his intention to send the Black Watch to Mafeking, to be ready to march into Johannesburg or Pretoria, in case of an outbreak occurring in either of those places. If such an emergency arose, it would, he considered, be the duty of Great Britain to intervene in the interests of law and order. It should be borne in mind that the High Commissioner was not referring to any rebellion which Rhodes or Jameson or any one else might be anticipating in Johannesburg, but to the position of affairs which Sir Henry Loch found when he went to the Transvaal in July 1894, less than a year previous to this conversation.

This visit was to confer with Mr. Kruger on the commandeering of British subjects and other matters. It will be remembered that, although the English inhabitants of the Transvaal were not allowed the privileges of citizenship, they were commandeered for service in a wretched and dangerous native war. This high-handed proceeding caused the utmost indignation on the part

of the people, and brought forth a formal protest from the High Commissioner, who thought it sufficiently serious and important to make a personal visit to the Transvaal desirable. What followed immediately is stated succinctly and clearly by Mr. Pratt in his "Leading Events in South African History." Apart from the matters immediately concerned, the High Commissioner's visit gave rise to some memorable incidents. He reached Pretoria at nine in the morning, and entered a carriage, together with Mr. Kruger and Dr. Leyds, State Secretary, to drive to the hotel where he was to stay. Feeling among the British in Pretoria was intense, and the risk of a possible outbreak had only been avoided by the promise of Sir Henry's visit. Some enthusiasts took the horses from the carriage and proceeded to drag it to its destination, a mile distant; two Englishmen on the box waved the Union Jack immediately over Mr. Kruger's head, while the excited crowd followed up the cheering of Sir Henry and the hooting of Mr. Kruger by singing "God save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia" the whole of the way. Arrived there, the crowd stopped to allow Sir Henry to descend, but refused to pull the carriage any farther, and Mr. Kruger, highly incensed at the whole proceeding, had to wait

until some of his faithful burghers could be found, to drag him home.

Now I believe that this incident, together with President Kruger's earnest request that the High Commissioner should not again show himself at Pretoria, profoundly impressed Sir Henry Loch and his military secretary, Sir Graham Bower. And no wonder. It looked as if President Kruger was in power "on sufferance," and there is no doubt that at this time he was very unpopular with his own people. It is certain also that the reception of Sir Henry Loch made a like impression upon Mr. Rhodes and his friends. Hence his prophetic announcement to myself.

In my judgment Sir Henry Loch made too much of these events in his own mind, and in his representations to the home Government. The fact was that for a time indignant Englishmen took charge of the streets of Pretoria, and gave the idea that they represented the State. But the State forces which rescued Kruger were soon in the ascendant.

But one cannot wonder that, when the Union Jack was hoisted over Sir Henry's head, and President Kruger could not obtain a hearing within a stone's-throw of his own residence, and when it was even deemed unsafe for the High Commissioner to visit Johannesburg, it was feared

that serious disturbances might soon arise, to which the English Government, as the paramount power, could not be indifferent. Indeed in June 1895 Sir Hercules Robinson was sent out especially to deal with what was considered a critical situation.

With these parting impressions from Groote Schuur and Government House, it was natural that after my arrival in England I was eagerly on the look out for news from South Africa. A paragraph soon appeared in the morning papers to the effect that the Black Watch, then stationed in Cape Town, was to proceed to Mafeking.

After what I had heard before I left the Colony, I was, of course, prepared for this announcement, but I looked in vain for news that the regiment had actually gone northwards. As I subsequently learned, Sir Hercules Robinson, probably instructed by the Colonial Minister, abandoned the idea of garrisoning Mafeking with English troops. Such a step, it was rightly feared, would have caused great excitement in South Africa, and also in Europe. In place of troops, however, Sir Hercules, on succeeding to the High Commissionership, raised a considerable force of constabulary in Bechuanaland, and, I have no doubt, also encouraged the raising of the force by the Chartered Company, under Jameson, which,

while ostensibly enrolled to guard the land appropriated for the railway advance in Kama's country, might be available to act on behalf of British interests and policy if disturbances arose.

Let me now recall some of the events which had happened between the interviews which I have been describing and the Jameson Raid.

A memorial signed by 35,485 Uitlanders had been presented to the Volksraad, praying for an extension of the franchise and for the redress of grievances. It had been abruptly refused, the memorialists being curtly referred to the existing laws.

On the 20th of November Mr. Lionel Phillips, in his opening of the new Chamber of Mines, made the following remarks:—

"All we want in this country is purity of administration and an equitable share and voice in its affairs. Nothing is farther from my heart than a desire to see an upheaval, which would be disastrous from every point of view. But it is a mistake to imagine that this much enlightened community, which consists anyhow of a majority of men born of free men, will consent indefinitely to remain subordinate to the minority in this country, and that they will for ever allow their lives, prospects, and liberty to be subject to its arbitrary will."

At the beginning of December Mr. Charles Leonard, President of the Transvaal National Union, openly issued a manifesto in which he sets forth "the unbearable grievances" of the Uitlanders. It ends with the following picture of the state of things in the Transvaal:—

"The great public which subscribes the bulk of the revenue is virtually denied all benefit of State aid and education. . . . Railways are entirely in the hands of a corporation dominated in Holland. This corporation is charging us outrageous tariffs. . . . We are liable as guarantors for the whole of the debt. Lines have been built entirely on our credit, and yet we have no control. . . . The powers controlling this railway are flooding the country with Hollanders. . . . The policy of the Government with regard to taxation may be practically described as protection without production. No sooner does any commodity become absolutely essential to the community than some harpy endeavours to obtain a concession for its supply. These monopolies tend to paralyse our industries. . . . The original policy of the Government is based upon intense hostility to the English-speaking population. It seems the set purpose of the Government to repress the growth of industry, to tax it at every turn, to prevent the working classes from settling here.

We have now openly the policy of force revealed to us; £250,000 is to be spent upon the completing of a fort at Pretoria; £100,000 is to be spent on a fort to terrorise the inhabitants of Johannesburg; large orders are sent to Krupps for big guns; Maxims have been ordered, and German officers are coming to drill the burghers. . . . Why should the Government endeavour to keep us in subjection to unjust laws by the power of the sword, instead of making themselves live in the hearts of the people by a broad policy of justice?"

The manifesto concludes by setting forth the distinct aims of the association of which Mr. Leonard was the mouthpiece. "We want," he says, "the establishment of the Republic as a true Republic." Then follow other changes demanded by the reformers, such as an equitable franchise law and equality in Dutch and English languages.

I make these references to what took place within the six months before the Raid, to show that that movement was certainly not a filibustering expedition of freebooters seeking for plunder for themselves. Nor was it a secret conspiracy for extending British rule, although some of the reformers, Mr. Rhodes amongst the number,

maintained that British interference would be ultimately necessary. Dr. Jameson was the last man in the world to lead an expedition for personal gain to himself. The Raid, however unjustifiable, was intended to redress great and grievous wrongs.

As I have always thought that the Raid was wholly wrong, I am the more anxious to insist that it was the outcome of mistaken patriotism, and undertaken with the desire to right great wrongs.

Dr. Jameson's frank statement before the English committee of the purpose and initiative of the Raid may be accepted without hesitation. After describing the many conferences with the leaders in Johannesburg and their hopelessness for achieving anything for the better unless it was backed by force, he says: "They (the leaders) felt that the only practical way by which the desired reforms could be obtained was by changing the administration of the South African Republic, and that the least violent and safest mode of effecting this was to have a sufficient force in Johannesburg to induce President Kruger to take a plebiscite of the whole population, Uitlanders as well as burghers, which should decide if Kruger should be re-elected or who should take his place. They therefore invited

my help, stating that unless they were assured of assistance in Johannesburg, the rising would not succeed. I agreed, and it was arranged that I should take my force to Johannesburg to maintain order and to bring pressure to bear upon the Transvaal Government, while the redress of grievances was being enforced by the people."

This view of the intentions of the promoters of the Raid was confirmed by the telegrams which were deciphered at the Cape Parliament Committee of Inquiry. One of these was to the effect that when a footing was obtained in Johannesburg, the High Commissioner would come up at once, presumably to negotiate for the redress of grievances.

There was scarcely a responsible statesman in South Africa, English or Dutch, who did not hold that there must be a radical change in the methods of the Transvaal Government. Jan Hofmeyr was certainly of that opinion, and so was Commandant Joubert himself. John X. Merriman, the present Premier of the Cape Colony, even went so far as to wish well to the revolutionists, if such they may be called, expressing the hope that those who were moving "meant business"; but it is fair to say that this was said on the supposition that the movement

for reform was a spontaneous one, a demand for justice and purer administration from those who were themselves suffering, and not a movement engineered from outside.

I must say something in explanation of Mr. Rhodes' statement that the people must be delivered from the "tyranny of the Zarps." The Zarps were the hired constabulary, most of them foreigners, and the scourings of the fields. As far as the masses of the people, of the working classes especially, were concerned, it was the petty tyrannies of the Zarps that ultimately drove them into rebellion and that made them clamour for war.

I shall never forget, nor will, I am sure, Sir Edward Brabant, a deputation from the working men of Johannesburg who waited upon the British Empire League delegates assembled at Kimberley, or rather upon the officials of the League, asking to be allowed to state their case to the delegates themselves. The officials declined to give them this liberty, as the League was determined not to interfere with the internal affairs of the Transvaal at this juncture. But I shall never forget the intense earnestness of the deputation or their description of the Zarps. They told us that there were over a thousand of their men willing, like Garibaldi's two thousand,

to count themselves already dead, if they could only bring to an end these petty tyrannies.

In fact it was not the capitalists who at first kept alive the unrest at Johannesburg and clamoured for a change of Government. The capitalists joined the movement ultimately (I am not now referring to the Raid, but to what took place subsequently), but at first they discouraged it, and would not give the men any facilities for meeting.

When I first heard of the march of Jameson one cold winter morning in the streets of Worcester, I was astounded at its audacity, and was by no means surprised at the cable so speedily following announcing its utter collapse. "Unless they had first taken the fort," I said to myself, "what could they hope to achieve, even if Jameson had arrived safely at Johannesburg, when the big Krupp guns could have laid the town in ashes?"

I left England shortly afterwards for South Africa, glad to take my share, however small, in the troubles and anxieties of the times. Above all, I was anxious to see Rhodes, and to hear from his own lips what share he had taken in the Raid, and to ascertain, now that he had resigned the Premiership, what part he would take in public affairs—what front he would show

to the world after the disaster which, for a time at least, had ended both his own and Jameson's career. Would he retire to his beloved North and end his days there, or would he re-enter public life? He did both, as all the world knows, but there was a pause, when committees in the Cape and in England sat upon his doings and the public disaster with which they were associated—a disaster which had turned back all the largely alienated sympathies of the Dutch population in South Africa, and had given the Kruger regime a new lease of life.

When I arrived in Cape Town, Rhodes was away in the North, and it was some time before I had an interview with him.

However much he was able to conceal his feelings from other men, he was "hard hit" by the Raid and its consequences to Jameson and himself. The pallor and distress which Mr. Schreiner, his Attorney-General, saw in his face when the news of disaster first came from the North—and which led him to wander on the mountain for two or three days refusing to see any one—remained with him for weeks.

His recital of what really happened deeply moved me. He was in the scheme which issued in the Raid, although he did not originate it, and

did not encourage the last hurried rush from Pitsani. His idea was to keep Jameson at Pitsani for months if necessary, until the movement was ripe in Johannesburg. He had hoped that a radical change in the government might be forced upon Kruger, without actual bloodshed or battle. It was evident afterwards that Jameson's movements were hastened by the knowledge of friends staying at Groote Schuur that his movements and designs were becoming known at Pretoria. Two men sent hurrying directions—one to Jameson and the other to Johannesburg—on the same day. Paul Kruger knew well enough, but was waiting, to use his own words, "for the tortoise to put its head out of its shell" before he attempted to kill it. Meanwhile in Johannesburg no weapons had been distributed, and those that had arrived were not even unpacked. So that when Jameson's guns were heard by the watchers outside the city, there were none to meet him but a small chivalrous band, who were too late and too few to achieve anything.

It is true that Jameson chivalrously took the whole blame of the rush upon himself, admitting that emissaries from Johannesburg had urged delay, and denying that any message had reached

him from Cape Town urging the start. The messages were sent, however, and either Jameson had forgotten them, or else ignored them, as but repeating the information he already possessed from other sources—to the effect that Kruger was looking out for the head of the tortoise.

I need not refer further to the Raid. Its story is all too well known. It must suffice to say that it temporarily restored Krugerism, if not to public favour, very much, and not unnaturally, to the sympathy of the President's own nationality throughout South Africa. My business is rather with the effect of the Raid upon Mr. Rhodes and his career.

We have seen that after a brief visit to England he went northward, and joined in the northern war and the peace-making at the Matoppos, finding in a military campaign an outlet for his stern resolution and restless energy, as well as an escape from public criticism.

Six months had passed since the war, and Mr. Rhodes, both before and after the end of the native campaign, made one or two quasi-public appearances. In one of these he says: "I would be a very small human being if I altered through the recent troubles the ideas of a lifetime." In another, and the last before starting southward,

"As for myself, you have been kind enough to ask me to speak, which I did not expect, but I may tell you in very plain language that in the circumstances I now find myself, so far as the judgment I have been able to form goes, one can have no more attractive occupation than the development of a country from barbarism to civilisation." He finishes the speech with a note of buoyant hope. "The future is big; it is fast bringing up the railway. With railway communication will come proper development and proper working of the reefs we possess. As soon as that occurs we shall have the confidence to take the responsibility of our position, and we shall take that position, not in antagonism to the rest of the states of South Africa, but in perfect harmony with them."

From the shock of miserable failure, as far as his association with the Raid was concerned, Mr. Rhodes was evidently finding relief in pursuing the master purpose of his life. There were no Raids in the North, and the country was moving and developing—the country which already bore his name and embodied his genius. But although there were no Raids in Rhodesia, the circumstances so pathetically referred to were depressing enough. He had lost the Premiership



Photo: T. D. Ravenscroft

ZEBRAS AT GROOTE SCHUUR

of the Colony, and he was no longer director of the Chartered Company. He had no official position of any sort. He did not "expect to be asked to speak," he says at one of the dinners. But he did speak. He was Rhodes—father, founder, leader of the great expansion; its life and movement centred in him, and was made vital by him, as much as if he were still a director of the Chartered Company.

In 1896 and 1897 parliamentary inquiries were demanded both in the Cape and England, and early in 1897 Rhodes left the comforting environments of Rhodesia, which he loved so well, and turned his face to England to face the inquisition.

The journey "by sea and land" to Cape Town, for by that route he elected to travel, was like a triumphal march. He knew what awaited him from telegrams and letters which told of receptions and public gatherings in his honour. But he was not in the least prepared to see the stations by which he passed crowded with English and Dutch, anxious not only to get a glimpse of the man "who troubled Israel," but to shake him by the hand as a friend; nor yet for addresses signed by the country farmers and townspeople of both nationalities. Had he not said, and meant, that if there was another "vision of

expansion" still northwards, the call must come from both races, or the dream would never be realised? He had already a thousand of Kruger's subjects in Rhodesia who called him Father, of whom he was as fond and proud as of the stoutest Britishers who followed his lead.

The reason of this excited welcome, all along the line, was not far to seek. Many of the Progressives indeed, as well as his old Dutch friends, had to some extent held aloof, and came slowly back to their old allegiance. They could not easily pardon Mr. Rhodes for joining the conspiracy at the same time that he was Prime Minister of the Cape. They sincerely desired to keep "public honour" unsullied in the public life of South Africa. Most of them longed to come back to him, but they wanted to hear his explanation. For the same reason, some of the Progressives refused to receive Dr. Jameson as a political colleague until some time had elapsed and he had purged himself of what they could not but regard as a breach of public faith, however much they abhorred the Kruger regime, and longed for its overthrow by legitimate means.

But the rank and file of the English party throughout the country were too angered with the treatment of their kindred in the Transvaal to

look too nicely at the means taken to overthrow the Transvaal Government. They acclaimed the courage of the Raid and of those who had taken part in it, and while they might doubt its wisdom, they mourned its failure, and were above all anxious to keep alive the spirit which should insure the ultimate success of the reformers, and realise Rhodes' great idea of the equal citizenship of all civilised men from the Zambesi to Cape Point. They had watched eagerly his exile in the North, looked anxiously for his casual utterances, and, now that he was coming South to await the judgment of the Imperial Parliament, their pent-up feelings knew no bounds. On his arrival at Cape Town, the crowds ran after him and before him, shouted their welcomes and gripped his hands. As I walked by his side, I saw tears streaming down his face. "It is very moving," he said to me, half apologetically, "to see one's fellow-beings feel so kindly to one." He always spoke of "human beings" and "fellow-beings" when he spoke of men, as if his large nature revelled in "the universals." An hour later, when standing on the platform, facing the huge crowd on the Parade, he said, with deep feeling, "Such appreciation as this generally comes after a man is dead."

As for the welcome which awaited him from hundreds of Dutchmen, who not only assembled at the stations to greet him as he passed, but signed addresses to him, there was no wonder at that either. Many of their kith and kin had gone up to the North to share its fortunes, and had sworn allegiance to its founder. There was an essential affinity between Rhodes' nature and that of the Dutch. They loved each other to the day of his death, and crowds of them, although they followed their own leaders steadily enough to the polling booth, made little of his "relapse from grace," in the share he took in the Raid. They, with their English fellow-colonists, recognised his great achievements, and the fairness and even generosity with which he dealt with them, whenever he had the opportunity. They knew that, if he had upset Kruger, not a single Dutch interest in South Africa would have suffered. I have seen Dutch members of Parliament, after they had spoken and voted against him, grasp his hand in the lobby of the House of Assembly, as if to let him know that he must not think "too much of that." Many of them continued to visit him at Groote Schuur after the Raid, and when he died, as my narrative will show, they mourned for him as a lost friend and leader.

No wonder then that, even with the parliamentary committees in the Cape and in England to sit on his mistakes, he started southwards in excellent spirits. His first call was at Port Elizabeth. The horses were removed from his carriage, and it was dragged to the spot where a vast crowd of all nationalities awaited him. At the evening banquet he clearly announced his future conduct and policy. "I shall go to the North," he said, "and do my best to develop that part in co-operation with the Cape Colony and any other States that may desire to co-operate. I shall keep my seat in the Cape House, because it is part of my programme to show to the people of South Africa that I do not undertake a career of isolation. You may tell me my faults, you may condemn me, but until you turn me out I intend to remain with you. . . . It is fortunate that in the troubles of this year I think I was able to see the right place to go to, and the right public course to take. I was told that my public life was at an end, but the first thing I told them was *that it was only the beginning.*"

In spite of the old resolute attitude in these extracts, there is occasionally an undertone of another kind of which all his friends knew, but which rarely came to the surface. "If I can

put to you a thought," he said, "it is that the man who is continuously prosperous does not know himself exactly, his own mind and character. It is a good thing if one has a period of adversity."

Crowds of all nationalities met him at the various stations, and Cape Town gave him a great out-of-door reception on the Parade, to which I have already referred. There were few indeed who wished him to lose touch with South Africa and its interests, and they wanted it to be understood in England, where he was about to face the inquiries of the Parliamentary Committee, that he had crowds of friends who, while admitting his error, still acclaimed him as a hero and looked eagerly for his return to complete the great enterprise of his life. They meant more than this. They meant that they still loved him as a friend and trusted him as a patriot.

As I thought it would be desirable that Mr. Rhodes should meet his old parliamentary colleagues, I asked upwards of thirty of them to meet him at dinner at my residence at Bollihope. It was a delightful gathering, and Mr. Rhodes was in his happiest vein. It was memorable as well as delightful, for in the course of an informal after-dinner speech, he made a more frank reference to his one great mistake than on any

other occasion. His words were to this effect: "I do not so much regret," he said, "joining in an attempt to force President Kruger into a juster and more reasonable policy, when he had resolutely refused all redress of grievances; but what has been a burden to me is that I was Prime Minister at the time, and that I had given a promise that I would not do anything incompatible with the joint position I held as Director of the Chartered Company and Premier of the Cape Colony. On every ground I was bound to resign, if I took such a course as assisting in a revolution against an officially friendly State; and I did not." Then there was a pause, and every one listened with breathless interest. He went on—"I can only say that I will do my best to make atonement for my error by untiring devotion to the best interests of South Africa." The whole company rose in response to this welcome declaration.

Ah, how I wished, at the time, I could reproduce that scene in public! It was just the statement all his friends wished he would make publicly. But his admissions of error had heretofore been associated with expressions of wounded pride and retorts upon the criticisms of his quondam friends.

Mr. Rhodes was to appear in public two days after this gathering, and I was very anxious that he should speak to the people with equal frankness. It was just what was wanted by his friends in South Africa and England. I wrote him a letter next day begging that he would make the same avowal at the meeting. He returned the note with the two words "I will.—C. J. R." written under my signature.

I was chairman of the meeting, and waited eagerly for the promised words. They came; but before he had got through the second sentence, it was met with such a hurricane of protesting applause that the remainder of his words, although heard on the platform, were lost to the audience. In the hot blood of the welcome to their hero the crowd did not want to hear any confessions of error.

Mr. Rhodes sailed for England to meet the Parliamentary Committee very shortly afterwards.

Although I was a member of the Committee of the Cape Parliament which, as well as that which sat in England, unequivocally condemned the Raid, I was not present at the English inquiry, nor do I propose to refer further to it. But since this reminiscence may possibly be read

for information by those who knew little of Mr. Rhodes' career, I will put on record the statement he made to the English committee. Mr. Rhodes said:—

"From the date of the establishment of the gold industry on a large scale in Johannesburg, much discontent has been caused by the restrictions and impositions placed upon it by the Transvaal Government, by the corrupted ministration of that Government, and by the denial of civic rights to the rapidly growing Uitlander population. This discontent has gradually but steadily increased, and a considerable time ago I learnt from my interviews with many of the leading persons in Johannesburg that the position of affairs there had become intolerable. After long efforts, they despaired of obtaining redress by constitutional means, and were resolved to seek by extra-constitutional means such a change in the Government of the South African Republic as would give to the majority of the population, possessing more than half the land, nine-tenths of the wealth, and paying nineteen-twentieths of the taxes in the country, a due share of its administration. I sympathised with, and as one largely interested in the Transvaal, shared in these grievances; and further, as a citizen of the Cape

Colony, I felt that the persistently unfriendly attitude of the Government of the South African Republic towards the Colony was the great obstacle to common action for practical purposes among the various States of South Africa. Under these circumstances, I assisted the movement in Johannesburg with my purse and influence. Further, acting within my rights, in the autumn of 1895 I placed in a territory under the administration of the British South Africa Company, upon the borders of the Transvaal, a body of troops under Dr. Jameson, prepared to act in the Transvaal in certain eventualities. I did not communicate these views to the Board of Directors of the British South Africa Company. With reference to the Jameson Raid, I may state that Dr. Jameson went in without my authority. 'Having said this, I desire to add that I am willing generally to accept the finding as to facts contained in the Report of the Committee of the Cape Parliament. I must admit that in all my actions I was greatly influenced by my belief that the policy of the present Government of the South African Republic was to introduce the influence of another foreign power into the already complicated system of South Africa, and thereby render more difficult

in the future the total union of the different States."

Mr. Rhodes speedily returned to the Cape after the Raid inquiry, and his warm reception soon showed that he had gained, and not lost, in public favour. He openly joined the Progressive party, subscribing handsomely to its funds and making many speeches on behalf of its candidates. These speeches were amongst the best and the most spirited he ever delivered, the great burden of them being the union of South African States under the charter of equal rights for every civilised man south of the Zambesi. They were glowing with prophecies of the still expanding North, as supported and ultimately embraced by a united South Africa. They were glowing, indeed, with the vision of a new South Africa —its latent forces quickened into life by the enterprise and union of politically estranged races working together under new combinations and imperial sympathies. Surely the dream is now coming true; but a war has preceded its full interpretation.

The only blot in these speeches, and manifest also sometimes in his private conversation, was the bitterness with which he spoke of his old friends and allies, now separated from him by

the Raid. Jan Hofmeyr, his old friend, from whom he once said in my hearing, "Nothing and nobody should separate us," is thus spoken of: "I have been told that a gentleman who was before the Mikado in Japan maintained his position by never being seen. I think the system of the Bond party is to govern through an individual who was never heard, at any rate, in that House where he should have been."

Mr. Hofmeyr occupied the same position, as an unseen worker, when Mr. Rhodes was on terms of great intimacy with him, and the gibe was without excuse. In the same way he several times girded at Mr. Merriman as supporting the revolution, at the same time that he was abusing him (Mr. Rhodes) for the same offence—fair enough for a passing hit, but assuming another aspect when repeated in the circumstances under which Mr. Rhodes was then appealing to the public. Several, who were friends both of Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Hofmeyr, tried to arrange a meeting between them, not on a political, but on a social footing, but Mr. Rhodes sternly refused, alleging that Mr. Hofmeyr was one man when with him and another in his newspaper. Mr. Edmund Garrett, in his admirable "Studies of Mr. Rhodes," relates some interviews

with him after the Raid which are not pleasant reading. I must confess to experiences of the same kind. At a private meeting of some of the leading members of the Progressive party, at which Mr. Arthur Douglas and Mr. Laing were present, he spoke in a most overbearing manner, telling them, on some little difference arising, "that they wanted him, and not he them." I was so angry with this outburst that, while walking up the street with him after leaving the meeting, I told him plainly "that his treatment of his political friends was not that of a gentleman, and that he owed them an apology." He did not like this direct rebuke, and I am not quite sure that he ever quite forgave me for it. As we got into his Cape cart and went home together, he said he must reconsider his position to the party if they did not like his manner. I replied that there was no altered position to consider, that every one of those present had the highest respect for his opinion, but that he must remember that other people had their feelings and opinions as well as himself. He was silent and moody for a time, and then talked as usual. Canon Knox Little, who came to know and appreciate Mr. Rhodes better than most men, was staying at Groote Schuur at the time, and

when Mr. Rhodes reached home he told the Canon I had been "scolding him."

But Mr. Rhodes, when he indulged in these outbursts, was not himself. They were part of the "surface fret" which he never quite lost after his great misfortune, and which was, alas, greatly aggravated by the physical irritation of the heart trouble which ended his life. Within a short time of this incident he was speaking in the kindest terms of some of his old colleagues, and regretting the separations which had followed the Raid. In my hearing he sent a message to Mr. Merriman in a conciliatory tone through the late Mr. J. B. Currey, and, from the generous tone of a few words Mr. Merriman uttered respecting him in the House of Assembly shortly afterwards, I believe the message was delivered.

Early in 1899 Mr. Rhodes paid another visit to London, which had memorable issues. He went to raise money for the extension of the railways to Tanganyika and other important matters. It was on this visit that he met the German Emperor at Berlin, and had the historic interview, of which I had a relation from his own lips. The Emperor, he said, coolly called him away from the official *entourage*, consisting of Count Bulow and some others who were

present to receive him, and took him to a separate room. I can hardly repeat the conversation of which Mr. Rhodes told me the substance, but the upshot was that the great trans-continental cable was allowed to go through German territory, and a formal agreement was made to that effect.

It was on this visit, moreover, that Mr. Rhodes received the great ovation at his beloved Oxford, when the degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him, in company with his intimate friend Lord Kitchener. He told me there was no honour he coveted more, and related with almost childish glee the story of the overwhelming reception he had received, exceeding even that of Lord Kitchener. It was, I think, also on this visit that it was decided, in spite of his connection with the Raid, that he should retain his position amongst the Privy Councillors, a decision arrived at, not only by the ministers of the Crown, but by the gracious favour of Her Majesty.

With the money for the railway to Tanganyika promised, with royal and academic favours received and confirmed, and the general feeling of the public plainly showing that the Raid was condoned, and Rhodes set on his feet again by a public acclamation, there is no wonder that a

great welcome awaited him on his return to the Colony. It was perhaps the greatest demonstration ever made in his honour. Cape Town was alive with flags and banners and the music of brass bands. A great meeting was held at the Drill Hall, the largest closed space in the city, and addresses of warmest congratulation were read and delivered. "I recognise what this is for," he said; "it is for the work—the idea—which is passing from the era of imagination to practical completion; the 'idea of the lunatic' has passed into the idea of practical sanity. The only practical thing is the progress of time. We do get older and we do become a little hurried in our ideas in the course of the terrible time. You can conquer anything; you can conquer, if you will allow me to say so, even raids. But time you can never interfere with, and so we have to complete with all the rapidity we can the project which is before us—that is, the project of uniting the North and the South of Africa. I have told you I have obtained the money to go to the North, money for all work during the next four years, and I hope that from Egypt they will come down to meet us. I look upon the question of the trans-continental telegraph and railway as practically over; it is now merely a question of time!

"I am working, I tell you, not only for the union of the country, but for a union of races, and that will come once the principle of equal rights is accepted for every civilised man south of the Zambesi."

No wonder the people were almost beside themselves. Note how the vision was enlarged. The Zambesi, once, in the most sanguine dreams, the boundary of the Hinterland, Tanganyika, the farthest point in the great extension, are but stations on the great northern trek. The land of the Pharaohs is to be united with the modern settlements of the South, and the Dark Continent, given up to barbarism for thousands of years, was to be bridged by the messengers of a new civilisation. Surely a greater conception never entered the brain of a pioneer; and there stood the prophet with his dream and the architect and builder with his plans and tools.

The events after the Raid bring me, alas! to the deplorable war of 1899, between the Transvaal and Great Britain. I have, however, little to say about it in this narrative, since Mr. Rhodes had nothing whatever to do with its inception. He took no part, directly or indirectly, in the correspondence, which preceded the war, between Mr. Chamberlain and the Transvaal Government.

On his arrival at Cape Town, at a time when the position was very critical, he said emphatically, "I made a mistake with regard to the Transvaal once, and that is quite enough for me—a burnt child dreads the fire. I keep aloof from the whole Transvaal crisis, so that no one will be able to say, that 'Rhodes is in it again.'"

His public and private utterances were entirely in accord with this resolution.

But when war was declared and the Colony was invaded by the Boer army, he went up immediately to Kimberley, and throughout the siege threw himself with the utmost energy into the defence of the town, organising the Kimberley Light Horse and assisting in providing supplies for the garrison.

Mr. Rhodes came to the decision to proceed to Kimberley and to share the dangers of the siege, in consultation with myself. I was his co-director at De Beers, and he sent for me the moment he felt certain that the Boers would invest the town.

I was at the time residing in Kimberley, and was preparing to return there from Cape Town at the close of the parliamentary session.

On my arrival at Groote Schuur Mr. Rhodes

said to me, "My post is at Kimberley—yours at Cape Town. There must be a director here to deal with correspondence if the town is cut off, as it surely will be, and to look after the De Beers cold storage." This latter had indeed been established at my instance, and I practically had charge of it.

I rather demurred to this arrangement, and wished to accompany Mr. Rhodes to Kimberley, but he insisted on my remaining.

An older member, however, of the Board of Directors, who happened to be in Cape Town, objected to this arrangement as unfair to himself.

I sympathised with his view, and wrote to Mr. Rhodes informing him of the protest and of my desire to take my place on the Board at Kimberley. He would not hear of it, however, and I have his laconic reply in my hand while I write:—

"DEAR FULLER,

"You should stop here.

"YRS. C. J. RHODES."

As Rhodes was Chairman of the Board, there was no resisting his decision, so I was compelled to remain in Cape Town; and one of

my first achievements, after Kimberley had been cut off, was to get through, by means which need not be described, an important communication from Lord Roberts to Mr. Rhodes, promising succour at the earliest possible moment.

CHAPTER IX

CECIL JOHN RHODES: HIS IDEALS AND CHARACTER

IN sketching the career of Mr. Rhodes I have endeavoured to bring out his striking characteristics as the narrative proceeded, and to let the events themselves, the best of all interpreters, reveal the undercurrents of thought and purpose which shaped his life. I cannot conclude, however, without summarising what has been almost casually presented in following a history so full of great events and issues.

It has been said that Cecil Rhodes somewhat resembled Napoleon, in the vastness of his conceptions as well as in some of his weaknesses. There seems some truth in the comparison, and it is quite possible, as we shall see, that the great French soldier had had some influence on the fortunes of Cecil Rhodes. His features indeed bore some resemblance to Napoleon's, but the face and figure were, if I may say so, of looser formation and not so closely knit. Perhaps the same remark may also apply to his genius and his habits of thought. But the com-

prehensive vision, the wide outlook, the genius for seeing below the surface of things, the vast organising power which not only took in all the elements of a great combination, but bent men and things to its achievement — these were characteristic of both. But there were great differences. Cecil Rhodes was no soldier, nor did he covet a soldier's methods. His connection with the Raid was an accident. He loved to take men, or "human beings," as he called them, with him, and by mesmeric persuasion to make them fellow-workers, sometimes, possibly, convenient tools. His appeal was not to the vested interests, but to the people. They were indeed his last line of defence when he was sore oppressed by the desertion of political and mercantile officialdom, and it was by their aid and his own strong will that he came back to public life after he had been hurled from power. Napoleon, it is true, mesmerised France and fascinated all Europe. But he did not stay to parley when his wish was thwarted; he smote with the sword and frightened his own generals into submission. Rhodes was more than familiar with Napoleon's history. He boasted that he had read every life of Napoleon, and he certainly had copies of a goodly number on his bedroom book-



THE MEMORIAL ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE, NEAR CAPE TOWN

shelves, which meant that they were there for the quiet times when men think about what they read. But although there is evidence that Mr. Rhodes studied Napoleon's life, and was to a certain extent inspired by his genius, he did not talk very much about him, at least to me. There was, however, one feature of Napoleon's career which impressed him most profoundly. It was that though at one time all Europe seemed at his feet, that though he re-made boundaries and tried to recast the fate of empires, yet he left France no larger than he found it, and every conquest that he had made unsecured. "That was," said Mr. Rhodes, "the end of the great wars." But in feats of statesmanship, the building up of France after the Revolution, the wise tolerance of opinions he never held, the giving back of the Church to France after the Revolution had abolished it, because the bulk of the people loved it, the digest of law in the "Code Napoleon"—these will ever remain the monuments of a transcendent genius. Mr. Rhodes was profoundly affected by these great achievements, and I believe they predisposed him to peaceful solutions of difficulties and peaceful methods in the pursuit of his great enterprises. The native wars in which he was engaged, justifiable or no,

he regarded as inevitable incidents in the advance of civilisation upon barbarism. He never sought them, he declared, and would have been glad to have done without them. No impartial student of Mr Rhodes'. career can fail to note this feature of it. He always rightly accepted full responsibility for his share of the Raid, but it was not designed by him, and he watched it with a certain measure of doubt and anxiety from first to last. Mr. Rhodes would be the last man to advance such a view as an apology for himself, but it was nevertheless true that measures of coercion were foreign to his original scheme and to his nature. His methods were not, indeed, always constitutional methods, and they could not be said to be always unaggressive, but he essayed to gain his ends by peaceful means, avoiding, where possible, the employment of physical force. There was nothing of the anarchist or even of the revolutionist in his character, except perhaps a touch of the latter when he was in a hurry to accomplish results and a serious obstacle stood in his way. His great idea, next to northern expansion, was the union of South Africa, ay, and the union of races, and his passion for the one was almost as great as for the other. If the "Kruger regime" had not

stood in the way of their accomplishment, or had given fair play to British interests and British subjects, he would never have assailed it.

No statesman had more real concern for public interests, or displayed more helpful sympathy with public and even private needs, than Cecil Rhodes. He lived "out of himself" all the day through. He would sit on the stoep at Groote Schuur discussing for hours with farmers what could be done for the improvement of agriculture and the breeding of cattle and sheep, and followed up the interviews with the importation of fresh stock, and even seeds and grasses, experimenting with the latter in the "home fields" on the mountain slopes. Above all, he set himself to the improvement and expansion of the fruit industry. He bought large farms, and imported experts from California and England, as well as every description of fruit tree likely to flourish at the Cape, which gave an immense impetus to fruit farming and the export of fruit to the English market, now so material a feature of the South African trade. He made careful inquiry as to which manufacturing industries might be successful, and came to the conclusion that for some time to come it was useless to attempt to emulate the Australian and Canadian colonies,

which were already largely manufacturing their own hardware and machinery.

I have already described Rhodes' interest in the higher education and his scheme for a South African University, and although he abandoned the latter after the Raid, he still kept his eye on existing institutions, and often inquired after their welfare, and contributed liberally to their support. Indeed, he seemed to forget nothing that made for the well-being and prosperity of the people.

Of his private benefactions I hardly like to speak; they were so unobtrusive. He never advertised them or called attention to them in any way. I was his "scout" for matters of this kind, often his "almoner." "Give what you think I should give," he would often say when some case deserving of help was brought to his notice, "but don't make me a snob." He assisted some students in their University course, and frequently asked after their welfare, and inquired if they wanted further help. I have already told of his gifts to broken-down settlers, amounting to many thousand pounds, of which the public knew absolutely nothing.

As I have written freely of Mr. Rhodes' mistakes and failings, I need not dwell on them further. It was always a theory of mine that

they never could take deep hold of him, because of the breadth and largeness of his nature. No common gossip, no mean suggestions, no slander or backbiting were ever heard within the walls of Groote Schuur. His thoughts were too spacious, too much occupied with great issues, to leave room for petty vices. Many of the accusations made against him were, to my knowledge, utterly without foundation. For years I went in and out of his house at almost all hours, and except on one occasion, when he seemed somewhat over-excited during a speech, I have never seen him, either in public or private, when all his faculties were not perfectly under control. Shortly after the occasion just referred to, I was dining with him alone at one of the hotels, and he said, addressing me by name, "Under the stress of worries I have sometimes taken liquor between meals, but I mean to do so no more." The testimony of one friend is not sufficient to determine whether he kept at least to the spirit of this resolution, but I have asked many mutual friends who were staying at his house whether they had observed any departure from it, and the answer has always been "No."

I have referred freely and frankly to these rumours because they have had a certain currency,

as scandal always has in the case of public characters, and have never, that I am aware of, been publicly contradicted except by Mr. Edmund Garrett in his masterly and characteristic studies of Mr. Rhodes.

When I have referred to Mr. Rhodes' touch of romance and his passion for African scenery, I was not thinking merely of something that gave an atmosphere to his ambitions and his excursions into the Hinterland, but of qualities that affected his whole being, and enlarged and trained his tastes. It was an aspect of his genius completely hidden from those who had no more than ordinary business or political transactions with him.

Though he did not lay claim to any technical knowledge of the artist's craft, Mr. Rhodes possessed the artist's passionate imagination, and the belief that the vast things he saw and felt in the South African landscape, and loved in the romance of its history, could and ought to be expressed in art—in painting, in sculpture, in architecture, and even in music. He took artists to see his favourite mountain view, and challenged them to express it in colours. He commissioned sculptors to reproduce memorable events in South African history, as well as the great tragedy in the northern advance when Wilson

and his heroic band were slain, and died to a man rather than desert their wounded. He even designed to lay under contribution early Greek art of the noblest type in a building which should stand nestling in the pines on the mountain slopes.

Mr. Herbert Baker, the accomplished architect who built Groote Schuur, and designed the new cathedral of Cape Town, writes thus of him in the *Times*:—

"The ennobling influence of natural scenery was present in his mind in connection with every site he chose and every building he contemplated; such as a cottage he built where poets or artists could live and look across to the blue mountain distance; a university where young men could be surrounded with the best of nature and art; a lion-house, a feature of which was to have been a long open colonnade, where the people could at once see the king of beasts and the lordliest of mountains; the Kimberley Bath, with its white marble colonnade imbedded in a green oasis of orange grove and vine trellis, looking to the north over illimitable desert. Such things would perhaps occur to most men, but with him they were a passion, almost a religion. Of his more monumental architectural schemes, few have been realised. For these his taste lay in the direction

of the larger and simpler styles of Rome, Greece and even Egypt, recognising the similarity of the climate and natural scenery of South Africa to that of classic southern Europe."

Most pathetic and impressive illustrations of this quality of Mr. Rhodes' personality is furnished by a letter from Sir George Martin, conveyed to me by my friend Mr. Douglas Murray, who in a covering note says:—

"I am delighted to be able to send you this graphic and touching account direct from Sir George Martin, of that episode in Rhodes' life showing a side of his character little known except to his nearest friends."

Sir George's narrative is as follows:—

"In 1889, when conducting music examinations for the University of Cape Town, I received an invitation to lunch at Groote Schuur. There was a large party. While we waited in the drawing-room for luncheon, Mr. Rhodes came into the room with a telegram in his hand, and exclaimed, 'Dear me, they are sending back my lion from Pretoria! however, that is better than if they had killed it.'

"After being introduced, we fell at once to conversing about art, and seemed to get on very well together. It is this artistic side of his character

that I should like to emphasise. During lunch the lady who sat next to me asked if I had seen the wonderful view from the heights above the house. On my saying I had not, Mr. Rhodes leaned over and exclaimed, 'What! you have not seen my view, and you return home to-morrow! we must go now.' He at once ordered a carriage round, and very soon he had left his guests at the table, and we were off together.

" During the time all his talk was about the beauty of the landscape and of his plans for improvement, especially of a road he contemplated making as far as Cape Town, and which would have a double avenue of oaks and rhododendrons extending all the way.

" So we arrived at our destination, and a glorious panorama of the whole plain, extending to the mountains of Stellenbosch, lay at our feet. It was very magnificent. After gazing at it, he said, 'Do you know why I brought you here?' 'No,' I replied; 'I can't imagine why you left your friends and took so much trouble to bring me here.' 'Well,' he said, 'I have had many artists here, and have wished them to paint this view, but they can't do it. They can't grasp the enormous expanse. Now I want you, when you go back, to think of this scene, and put it in your music at

St. Paul's.' I knew what he meant, and promised to do what I could.

"Think what my feelings were later on when I had to conduct a memorial service for him in the cathedral! We had all the drums that could be obtained from all the Guards' bands, and the gradual crescendo and diminuendo of all these instruments produced a most thrilling and impressive effect, coming as it did immediately before the simple and touching strains of Handel's 'Dead March,' which was played by the band of the Coldstream Guards. Few who were present will forget this most affecting service—certainly I never shall. G. M."

To this Mr. Murray adds: "Nor shall I. It was tremendous, and beyond words to describe. It affected me deeply."

No words of mine can add anything to this impressive recital. I can only say that to the vast crowd, of which I was one, who were present at that never-to-be-forgotten memorial service, it will come as a great but welcome surprise that the magnificent music which filled the cathedral and echoed through the dome was the effort of a great artist in music to interpret the vast open spaces of a South African landscape, and the genius of one who was inspired by it—an effort

Cecil Rhodes was never to appreciate, but which, in the light of Sir George Martin's words, will be for ever associated with his memory.

The Westminster Gazette once called attention to Mr. Rhodes' interest in a paper of mine published in *The Westminster Review*, and subsequently reprinted at his request. To quote the preface: "It was but an impressionist sketch of man's relation to nature on its emotional, and, to a certain extent, on its intellectual side, suggested and made vivid to the writer while living in a country where the vast open spaces and the rich clear lights seemed to claim affinity with the upper zones of human feeling."

Mr. Rhodes frequently referred to this paper as "organising his thought." It called attention to the essential affinity between the spirit of man and the life of nature; the "one Being and the all Being"; the correspondence between man and the great nature of which he is a part, and yet from which he is, by the attribute of individual consciousness, distinct.

I mention the affection of Mr. Rhodes for this paper to show that he had not only a deep feeling for nature, but was also interested in reflections on its inner meanings and interpretations, even if they were little more than "guesses at truth."

If I am to follow Mr. Stead and go deeper down, into Mr. Rhodes' religious and ethical views, a very characteristic address delivered at the laying of the foundation-stone of a Presbyterian Church near Cape Town furnishes a very suitable introduction.

After declaring the stone well and truly laid, Mr. Rhodes spoke briefly as follows:—

"You have paid me a great compliment by asking me to come and lay this stone. I recognise that it is a tribute from you to that which is a most practical idea of your Church—that is, work. You have asked me to come here because you recognise that my life has been work. Of course I must say frankly that I do not happen to belong to your particular sect in religion. We all have many ideals, but I may say that when we come abroad we all broaden. We broaden immensely; and especially in this spot, because we are always looking on that mountain, and there is immense breadth in it. That gives us, whilst we entertain our individual dogmas, immense breadth of feeling and consideration for all those who are striving to do good work, and perhaps improve the condition of humanity in general. I remember when the Bishop of Derry was out here and was staying with me, when the Bishop's

daughter was married, from my house, how on the Sabbath the Bishop said to me, 'I suppose you are coming to hear me at Rondebosch Church,' and I replied, 'No, sir; I have got my own chapel.' The Bishop said, 'Where is it?' And I replied, 'It is up the mountain.' The Bishop thereupon remarked, 'Dear me, dear me, a nice place to have your church.' The fact is, if I may take you into my confidence, that I do not care for a particular church even on one day in the year when I use my own chapel at all other times. I find that up the mountain one gets thoughts—what you may term religious thoughts—because they are thoughts for the betterment of humanity, and I believe that that is the best description of religion to work for—the betterment of the human beings who surround us. This stone I have laid will subsequently represent a building, and in that building thoughts will be given to the people with the intention of raising their minds and making them better citizens. That is the intention of the laying of this stone. I will challenge any man or woman, however broad their ideas may be, who object to go to church or chapel, to say that they would not sometimes be better for an hour or an hour and a half in church. I believe they would there get some ideas conveyed to them that would

make them better human beings. There are those who throughout the world have set themselves the task of elevating their fellow-beings, and have abandoned personal ambition, the accumulation of wealth, perhaps the pursuit of art and many of those things which are deemed most valuable. What is left then? They have chosen to do what? To devote their whole mind to make other human beings better, braver, kinder, more thoughtful and more unselfish, for which they deserve the praise of all men."

Perhaps it is not worth while to give any further information as to Mr. Rhodes' religious views and feelings than these words supply. There was a smile on the face of the public as they read their newspapers the morning after the stone-laying, when they found Mr. Rhodes had been commending the mountain as the more fitting place for worship and high resolve, at the same time that he was laying the foundation-stone of a church and suggesting, as a sort of make-up for his own defaults, that the multitude might sometimes be better for an hour and a half in the church. But the public thoroughly enjoyed it, nevertheless, and thought it was just like Mr. Rhodes—tolerant of other methods, but having one of his own. They believed in his mountain thoughts for the better-

ment of humanity, and, I am afraid, were more than ever disposed to seek the same source of inspiration.

The address reminded me of a well-known French philosopher, who, while he led the "high thinkers" to "eternal truths" through his eclectic philosophy, expressed his profound satisfaction that the multitude who could not climb the Olympus were safe in the arms of the Church.

Although I cannot take my readers much beyond his own words just quoted, yet, as I shared to a very considerable extent Mr. Rhodes' mountain and other musings and talkings on the problems over which aching heads have bent for so many centuries, it may interest them to know what his ideas were as far as I came to know them.

It would be better to say, perhaps, how his ideas tended, or in what direction they went, for he never formulated for himself a definite creed of any kind. It was a favourite idea of his that all primal emotions and beliefs defied definition, and were half killed in the attempt. This was why he thought the mountain brought him nearer to the light than the church. At the same time he despised no form of religion, least of all that in which he had been brought up. He believed that the primal truths were latent in all the creeds,

although often distorted by them. He always spoke of the work and influence of the parish churches in England most admiringly, and regarded them as so many centres of enlightenment and sympathetic help, especially to the poor.

I should like here to refer to Mr. W. T. Stead's account of Mr. Rhodes' religious views, as given in his book, "The Last Will and Testament of Cecil Rhodes," because they are submitted as the key to his working ideals.

Mr. Stead represents him as having "an exaggerated idea of the extent to which modern research had pulverised the authority of the Bible, while he (Mr. Rhodes) was absolutely certain there was no hell." On almost all other questions relating to the other world he was Agnostic—"I do not know." His Agnosticism, however, "did not prevent him from searching for a great guiding Ideal, although he could not accept either the Roman or the Christian Creed."

"He was a Darwinian rather than a Christian." He believed in evolution, and that this underlying principle of life would bring mankind still greater things, possibly nobler beings.

But then there "grew upon him the possibility that the teachings of all the seers of all the religions were based upon the solid fact that

there was a possibility that, after all, there might be a God who reigned over all the children of men, and who, moreover, would exact a strict account of all the deeds which they did in the body. He combated the notion, but the balance of authority was against him."

Mr. Rhodes decided, says Mr. Stead, "that it was at least an even chance that there might be a God, and on this fifty per cent. basis of belief he proceeded to inquire what such a God would require of him—how he could best serve Him, and what God Himself was doing to build up in His creation the principles which were making for progress." When he (Mr. Rhodes) had found the secret, could he work in with it and do the will he was anxious to discover?

Pursuing his inquiries, he came to the conclusion that "Justice, Liberty, and Peace were the highest products of evolution, and so, if a God existed, His noblest attributes." This position conceded, he inquired further, "What race in the world most promotes, over the widest possible area, a state of society having these three corner-stones?"

"Mr. Rhodes had no hesitation in arriving at the conclusion that the English-speaking race, the English-speaking man, whether British, American,

Australian, or South African, is the type of race which does now, and is likely to continue to do in the future, the most practical effective work 'to establish Justice, to promote Liberty, and to insure Peace over the widest possible area of the planet.'"

I quote in Mr. Stead's words what the final imperative of such a creed should be, and was, in Mr. Rhodes' case.

"'Therefore,' said Mr. Rhodes to himself in his curious way, 'if there be a God, and He cares anything about what I do, I think it is clear that He would like me to do what He is doing Himself. And as He is manifestly fashioning the English-speaking race as the chosen instrument by which He will bring in a state of society based upon Justice, Liberty, and Peace, He must obviously wish me to do what I can, to give as much scope and power to the race as possible. Hence,' so he concludes this long argument, 'if there be a God, then what He would like me to do is to paint as much of the map of Africa British red as possible, and to do what I can elsewhere to promote the unity and extend the influence of the English-speaking race.'

"Mr. Rhodes had found his longed-for ideal, nor has he ever since then reason to complain

that it was not sufficiently elevated or sufficiently noble to be worth the devotion of his whole life."

It may be added that Mr. Rhodes joined Mr. Stead—that is, in spirit—in a great propaganda which was to make its appeal for a new Catholic "ecclesia" amongst the English-speaking races, through the columns of the *Review of Reviews.*

"We believe," said Mr. Stead, in the manifesto which heralded the new publication, "in God, in England, and in Humanity;" and Mr. Rhodes in a letter to him spoke of himself as one of the "We."

I think these summarised extracts fairly represent Mr. Rhodes' religious views, as interpreted by Mr. Stead, and also the manner in which they "underpinned," or rather inspired, the "northern advance." He appeared to hold that divine ideals, on which the progress of mankind depended, were for the most part the moving impulse, if not the exclusive possession, of the Anglo-Saxon race, of which Great Britain is the head. Let imperial England be represented by the colour red, then Mr. Rhodes, "in painting the interior red," was a co-worker with God.

The issue thus declared is not "far out," but the mental—I had almost said the spiritual—process

by which it was reached differed very considerably from that with which I came in touch. I do not question Mr. Stead's statements, but possibly I had a better opportunity of knowing the history and sequel of Mr. Rhodes' thinkings on such subjects than most others. I was his friend and neighbour ten years before he knew Mr. Stead, and until the last few months of his life, often the sharer of his dreams and speculative thinkings. He was aware that I was deeply interested in these problems and a constant reader, if not a student, of writers, old and new, who have tried to solve them. We exchanged and read books and discussed them afterwards. I may be allowed, then, to give a brief outline of Mr. Rhodes' religious and ethical opinions and feelings as far as I could gather them.

When I first had a talk on such matters with him, about the time of his entering Parliament, he avowed himself a member of the Church of England, and did not challenge its doctrines although he was not much of a church-goer. He had been brought up in its communion, and had an affection for it which he never lost.

Before long, however, he spoke in a different strain. He was, I suppose, finding the "immensely broadened thought" which, according to

his speech, "coming to a colony gave one." He had been so impressed with an absorbed study of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," that his library, as we have seen, largely consisted of the "authorities" on which the author relied. Mr. Rhodes, however, spoke more to me of Gibbon's vivid representations of Roman life than of his destructive criticism of Christianity.

In addition to Gibbon, he read Samuel Laing's "Human Origins," Max Müller's Studies of the Religions of the East, and two volumes entitled "The Ten Great Religions," by an American writer, James Freeman Clarke. While in England, moreover, he paid frequent visits to the British Museum, and constantly referred to these visits as broadening his thoughts both of religion and art. "There," he said, "I saw the monuments of the religious aspirations and thoughts of the races of mankind as they can be found nowhere else." What he longed to discover was a religion, variously expressed, it may be, but not confined to one race of people, but wide and universal as humanity itself; and such a religion, he maintained, could only be found in an eclectic co-ordination of the great faiths of the world. I have already indicated

where these inquiries led him. But although he rejected the exclusive claims of the Church, he never escaped or desired to escape from the atmosphere of Christendom. When he brought back to me "The Ten Great Religions," he said, "The last religion treated of is the best; and I think to an enlightened and broadened Christianity we must look, at least in the present stage of evolution, for religious progress."

But now let me follow Mr. Rhodes' inquiries in another, and, in some respects, a more fundamental direction. Mr. Stead has pointed out that he accepted, and was profoundly influenced by, the Darwinian doctrine of evolution, "which seemed to make the Deity of the Scriptures impossible," and to drive him to Agnosticism. "A God might be possible, however, and on the equal chance he proceeded to formulate a religion to be worked out in his own imperial schemes."

I never heard Mr. Rhodes put the matter just in this way. His conclusions were more certain, and probably formed at a later date. He believed, indeed, that evolution was a marvellous discovery that would lead to untold issues. "It had changed the vision of the world." Bergson himself is not more impressed with the reality

of the "Becoming" as distinguished from the "Being" than was Cecil Rhodes. Evolution had made worlds from cosmic dust and man from the worlds, but what might it not yet achieve? It would surely evolve greater beings as well as greater truths. Africa was behind in the physical and social evolution, but pigmies might yet become giants, and cannibals saints in another epoch! Civilised countries would surely make corresponding advances.

But the consideration of these problems merged into another. What was the source and soul of the hidden, moving life, renewing and reproducing itself without a moment's pause, from everlasting to everlasting? The living stream emerges in the consciousness of man. But was this emergence the beginning of consciousness? Was the evolving life merely a blind force, affected by the attrition and distribution of particles under the reign of unconscious law. If everything seemed moving to a purpose in each organism, and in the whole, must there not be something pervading the universe which answers to purpose in man—in other words, a conscious life, but not necessarily resembling the consciousness of human personality, which is ever associated with limit and separation?

Mr. Rhodes' answer to these questions came at first in a negative form. The idea that conscious life never appeared in the universe until man arrived on the scene, coming and going like a passing shadow, was, he said, "just unthinkable."

Mr. Rhodes was not a metaphysician, and only yawned when a conversation led that way. He had no taste for the subtleties that had to be "teased out at the point of a needle," nor was he one of the "seekers for the Holy Grail who, abandoning the warmth of the lesser life and the tranquil satisfactions of security, went out into the wilderness to think and meditate."

Such thoughts as I have named came in his musings on evolution, and at times when his dreams passed inwards to the mystery of life.

Nevertheless, when he came to the conclusion that the force behind nature was not "a blind, but a seeing force," and that there was something like purpose at the heart of things, all the large ideas of his own work fell into line. He was a co-worker with the supreme intelligence, veiled indeed behind its own realisations, but always moving forward in an eternal flux. The mission of the "Anglo-Saxon race," with the British Empire as its advance guard in savage Africa, came into position, and Rhodes himself, as a

leader of the host, was working with the mystic forces of evolution for the betterment of the race.

Such thoughts as these were part of his mountain musings, and there were times when they were applied to his experiences in a way which would surprise those who did not know the half-mystic vein which ran through his thinkings.

I found him one day, in one of his dreamy moods, sitting on the coping of the low garden wall in front of the stoep. After a long estrangement, he had taken Sir Gordon Sprigg into his ministry at a rather critical time. He had met him accidentally at the door of the Civil Service Club, and a *rapprochement* had ensued.

Mr. Rhodes said to me: "Do you know, Lady Sprigg has been here, and she has told me that the meeting with her husband was not accidental, but brought about by a higher power. What do you think of that?"

"I cannot give an opinion," I said; "but I don't think we have any authority for picking out this or that incident as a special divine interference."

"No, no," he said, "we cannot do that; we must take them altogether, and then—what then? The evolution must link in 'happenings' as well

as purposes. At all events, Sprigg is the man I want just now."

But I turn now from this central idea to other incidents and experiences. Mr. Rhodes has told us that he went to the mountain to think out his schemes of expansion, and for "the betterment of humanity." And he thought out every detail—thought his way through difficulties to achievement. I heard Mr. Hays Hammond, the American mining engineer who acquired such fame in Africa, say, at a dinner at Groote Schuur, that Mr. Rhodes had first suggested the idea of working the deep levels in the mining reefs, and appealed to Mr. Rhodes for confirmation. "Yes," said Mr. Rhodes; "I thought of it up there," turning round to the mountain and pointing to the dip of the sky-line at the Hoets Bay Pass, as illustrating what might be underneath in the formation of the reefs.

But Mr. Rhodes had a theory of work from an ideal as well as a practical point of view. He had a gospel of work. Work expounded ideas, he said, as well as realised them. At the furthest point of achievement fresh developments were sure to be suggested by the achievement itself. You come to the Zambesi, and the way opens to Tanganyika. Work itself

trained the faculties of the worker, made the builder into an architect. Its organisations made individual work part of a whole, while those who were brought together in a great achievement had a fellowship of muscle and soul which no other association could produce. "Every living man," he said, "should be a 'worker.' No idlers, no mere dreamers, should be tolerated." So deeply was he impressed with this idea that he made it a condition of a bequest that the person to whom he left his English estate should be a worker, a man of affairs, and not an idler living on his means.

But while he went to the mountain to think out his schemes, he went also for perfect rest—to unstring the bow. He could not live always in the breathless hurry of the times—not even in the sense of victorious achievement. He absolutely needed the perfect rest which he found in the mountain quiet—in the stillness of the kloofs, and in the shadow of the pines. There was one spot above his house, hidden in the bushes, that he specially loved. It was just above the old Dutch summer-house, which I have already described. This was his seat in the "mountain church," from which he looked over the plain to the Hottentots' Holland Range,

and watched the shadow of Table Mountain creep over the veldt. I have sat there by his side when, if he did not enter in, he seemed on the edge of a spiritual world with changed values, where human ambitions and achievements were dwarfed by a foreground of great ideals and changeless beauties. Then the personality of Cecil Rhodes seemed at once dwarfed and magnified, since his work, and he himself, seemed but a fragment of a vaster order, and a factor of a grander synthesis than his own vision could compass.

No doubt this view of the ideal side of Mr. Rhodes' life may furnish, as it has done already, a target for the attacks of the cynic. It has been said that his idealism was all "a pose" by which he might figure before the world as a man of lofty aims, when he was really only an adventurer, possessed with the one idea of associating his name with the conquest of Central Africa, and, also, that he was unscrupulous as to the means he employed. I doubt, however, whether even cynics, who were quite near to him, could be so deluded. There was a "far-offness" even in his common talk—a background of romance—apparent even in his most practical sayings and doings, entirely in-

compatible with the character of a mere ambitious schemer. The larger, fuller life that was to supplant barbarism seemed always present to his mind when discussing his northern expansion. "I want to see homes, more homes," he said, as he surveyed Rhodesia from the highlands of the Matoppos; and his visits to the settlers in the days of their adversity, and the help he afforded them, without informing his nearest friends what he was doing, are the practical evidence of the sincerity of his wish.

For a man of his type, a man, from the moment of his entering public life, of almost boundless ambitions, Rhodes was comparatively free from the vices of those accustomed to move men and things like pawns in a great game. No one can help feeling that, taking the numerous speeches and the declarations in private life, which outlined his great programme and set forth the object of his ambitions, he fairly filled up his ideals. He constantly spoke of working for the betterment of humanity, and his achievements bear witness to that intent. The moderate fortune that he acquired, compared with other millionaires, was shared by the country he made his own, and by the great continent which he spanned with railways and telegraphs.

My nephew, Dr. Alfred Hillier, who was a partner of Dr. Jameson when he was a practitioner in Kimberley, sends me the following reminiscence of Cecil Rhodes, which shows how paramount were the claims of the North in his ordinary schemes of expenditure.

"We had," says the doctor, "a great exhibition in Kimberley, in which I acted as Chairman of the Fine Arts Committee. We had, naturally, not a very great collection of pictures, but there were some few good ones by contemporary artists. Among them was a really fine and pathetic work of Petit's, called 'The Dying Musician.' It was the portrait of a man with the inspired look of an artist, with his uncompleted task lying beside him, but in the last stages of exhaustion and disease. '*Ars longa, vita brevis*,' were plainly written across his face and the picture. Rhodes expressed a wish to see the collection one day, and asked me to show him over it. I took him into the gallery, and as we came to Petit's picture he stopped, really touched and attracted by it. He said, 'How much do they want for that?' I said, '£500.' He said, 'Ah! I should like to have it; but, no, I must not. I can build a court-house in Buluwayo for that.' Rhodes loved art for its

own sake much more than many wealthy men who cram their houses with pictures, but he was in the main content to satisfy this taste by buying old Dutch furniture and *bric-à-brac* for his home at Groote Schuur, reserving his vast resources almost entirely for the furtherance of his life's work and the fulfilment of his mighty dreams."

The disposition of his property at his death was altogether in keeping with the achievements of his life. The world was astonished when he established scholarships at Oxford for the education of students from the countries that represented the Anglo-Saxon race, but none that knew of his generous gifts were surprised, not even those who were entirely ignorant of his intentions. I have sought his aid many times for public institutions, and for the private needs of those in distress, and I have never sought in vain. What is more, I have been sent for many times to know whether he could not render help to some struggling student, or artist, or other person who was likely to need it. And these gifts were never the occasion for boasting, or even made known to others than the parties concerned, nor were they influenced in any way by political considerations.

Although Mr. Rhodes did not attend the ser-

vices of the Church, or accept its creeds, he did not forget the acknowledged standards of religious and ethical feeling. He not infrequently quoted Scripture with appreciation, and was a frequent reader of the "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius." I was having a quiet talk with him one summer's afternoon when four young Dutch farmers came to pay their respects. No class of men were more frequent visitors at Groote Schuur, and, as a rule, none were more welcome; but on this occasion Mr. Rhodes, on their being announced, said, "What a nuisance, just as our talk was getting interesting. Let us go upstairs." We adjourned to his bedroom—a move frequently made to avoid callers—where he left me for a time in order to dispose of his visitors. While he was away, I went to the table in the large bow-window which looked out on to the mountain. There was a chair placed at its side, in which Mr. Rhodes had been sitting, and a book open on the table, which he had evidently been reading and thinking about, for there was a pencil beside it and marked passages in the book. I found that it was the "Golden Book" of the Roman Stoic. I looked at the marked passages, which struck me as such as he would be likely to admire. I cannot remember what they were as distinct from those which he read on his

return, which was after a short absence. "I have got four horses saddled for the Dutchmen," he said, "and sent them round the mountain, so we shall be free until they return."

Then he took the book and read: "Take care always to remember that you are a Roman" (with emphasis on the last word), "and let every action be done with perfect and unaffected gravity, humanity, freedom, and justice. And be sure you entertain no fancies which may give check to these qualities. . . .

"You see what a few points a man has to gain in order to attain a godlike way of living; for he that comes thus far, performs all which the immortal powers require of him."

Then for a check upon "too much Roman" he read:—

"Have a care you have not too much of a Cæsar! and that you are not dyed with that dye. This is easily learned, therefore guard against the infection. Be candid, virtuous, sincere, and modestly grave."

Having read these extracts, he sat silent for a few minutes, looking out of the window. He was in one of his most serious moods. On the upper slope of the mountain, just below the rocks, we could see the men at work finishing his moun-

tain road. It was nearing the Hoets Bay Pass, where it emerged after winding round the foot of the ravines opening eastward. He said very quietly, "I love to think that human beings will walk that road long after I am gone."

Referring to his pride in the Roman character, he was wont to say how much he preferred it to the Grecian type—the courage, strength, and straightness of the Roman to what he called the versatility and shiftiness of the Greek, however beautiful the creations of his genius.

At a dinner given by Mr. Hofmeyr to Sir Thomas Uppington on his elevation to the Bench, when a few friends were present, I was rather deprecating this strong depreciation of the Greek character. After the discussion had continued for some time, Mr. Merriman and Mr. Rhodes extolling the Romans and I the Greeks, I said to Mr. Rhodes, "Well, having said so much about the Greeks, I will make you a present of an estimate of the Roman character as given in a book on art, which I have just read. It ran as follows: 'Rome gave the arch to architecture as the very embodiment and symbol of her highest attribute of power, under the dominion of law.'"

Rhodes was entirely delighted with this description, repeating it again and again, and adding

the remark, "Ah! if our strength could always be curbed by the restraints which the wisdom of long experience has expressed in law, and even in art, we should be Romans and something more."

Reviewing his life and character as far as I came in contact with it, I am bound to say that on the whole, for a man of his warm temperament and measureless energy, compassing great schemes in the face of stupendous difficulties, he restrained his restless and passionate nature and kept to the level ways which the wisdom of the world has sanctioned, with marvellous patience and success; while, on the positive side, he achieved, apart from his work in the North, solid good for South Africa, and did much to help forward the union of states and races, which was the great purpose of his life. Such, I believe, will be the judgment of the historian who, in a still distant day, will bring into due perspective and proportion the history of those troubled times from which South Africa is now emerging into a nobler and more sympathetic public life.

I am bound to record, however, that during the latter part of his life neither purse nor cheque-book were so frequently opened, but I think that this change arose from the intensity with which

he was pushing the advance of the northern railway and telegraphs. He was largely helping these from his own funds, and used to speak of himself as made quite poor by the "drain from the North."

Alas, there was another reason which seemed to withdraw him from that touch with life, always so interesting in his best days. How could his pulse beat normally, even to human need, when he had an arterial tumour dragging at his heart, the size of a human fist? He bore up bravely against a physical irritability, the extent of which was hidden from every one until after his death. Such a trouble pleads for pity and for patience from those who would judge harshly of the moods and waywardness of his latter days. I saw him in his bedroom, in his sleeping dress, at the hotel just before he left England for the Cape for the last time. He was extremely worried by the occasion which compelled him to return. His condition was pitiable, almost more than I could bear. He, who for all the time I had known him, was alive in every fibre of his being, was now living and moving in the shadow of death. He jerked out, in an irritable way, a message to a mutual friend, whose sons, who had gone to Rhodesia to share the fortunes of the country, he had promised some help. "Tell him," he said,

"I am too ill to be bothered with other people's affairs." Seeing the look of pain and perplexity on my face, for I knew no such message could be delivered, since he had himself proferred the assistance he had now refused, he came close up to me, grasped my hand, and said, "No, no, that won't do; tell him I will do all I possibly can. Forgive me," he added very feelingly, keeping my hand in his, "for this, and, I fear, many other impatient words." For the first time in my long friendship with him, I saw deep distress on his face. I could not speak, for something told me I was having a farewell interview with a great and noble friend. Those saddest of human words, "Vale in æternum vale," were echoing in my heart as I came away. I knew he would never pass from my life, but I knew also I should see his face no more. I had a last chance, however, for shortly afterwards he called at my office to say good-bye, but I had left for the day.

Alas! I can write no reminiscences of the time between Mr. Rhodes' departure for the Cape, just referred to, and his death. I was in England, and he at the Cape, fighting the last fight with the terrible handicap I have described. It was very hard for me to be unable to see him, but I knew that the companions of his heroic toil were

about him, meeting his needs and adding to his comforts. I had one message of remembrance, which meant the farewell it did not express.

But although I could not be there, I had from time to time vivid glimpses of what was happening, partly in letters from friends, partly from inward pictures of a life passing away amidst scenes I knew so well. I had often slept in the room where he spent his last days, looking out on the mountain bush and the upward slope of the road to the southern bend of the Muizenberg Sands. I could see the crowds gathering in the road, gazing at the chamber of death and waiting day by day, hour after hour, for better or worse news. It was a crowd of silent watchers of all nationalities, Dutchmen, Englishmen, and natives, from whose minds every shadow of race or party feelings had vanished in the overwhelming sense of calamity.

I have no dying scenes, no dying messages, to record, although many kind words from his lips linger in the memories and hearts of those who were privileged to be near him in his last days. Amongst these, I am glad to know, were some of his political opponents, between whom and himself many a bitter word had passed. It was fitting it should be so, for with all the strife and tumult

to which his great undertakings gave rise, he was still, with all his faults, a "great reconciler," anxious to bring nationalities and races together for a common purpose, and I am persuaded the future historian will inscribe the name of Cecil Rhodes amongst the founders of that great movement which is to-day bringing into one nationality the various races and interests in South Africa.

"So little done, so much to do," was the exclamation of the dying man, as he surveyed the achievements of a life. It is the old, despairing cry of the man who works to the pattern of great ideals. In the zenith of his power he might perhaps have struck another note, for it is the time when human frailty, mistaking its strength, essays the impossible, or perchance loses its own balance and tramples on the rights of others. It is well when diminished strength or adversity brings the true estimate of achievement into comparison with the vast possibilities of service which open to men of great resources. Cecil Rhodes always had the vision of the "greater things," therefore his spirit was humbled in the dying glance at the "little done."

Rhodes has been compared with Napoleon, but the picture of Napoleon at St. Helena, insulting and scolding his generals as they stood behind him

while he enjoyed his meals, is surely one of the most pathetic in history, and resembles nothing in Rhodes' life. He was but keeping up the semblance of a vanished power, and we may, I think, be thankful for the different scene in the cottage at Muizenberg, where Cecil Rhodes was breathing out his last, soothed by the affection of his comrades and saddened by the thought of unaccomplished work.

The memory, almost the reputation, of Cecil Rhodes may be left in the keeping of his mourners. If ever a man "died beloved" it was surely he. All the stations on the long route to his tomb in the Matoppos were crowded with men of all nationalities paying their last tribute to the "Great Dead." Farmers and their wives from the back veldt, old and young colonists from the towns and villages, many of them with streaming eyes, brought their wreaths and laid them reverently upon his coffin. An eye-witness told me he had never seen such manifestations of grief. For a thousand miles, men, women, and children swarmed from the homesteads for a last glimpse of what remained of a beloved friend.

What followed, when the coffin was removed from the train, was told by the journalists who were present in simple but impressive language.

"The whole party," says a correspondent, "accompanying Mr. Rhodes' body to its last resting-place left Fuller's Hotel yesterday morning in one long procession, which extended through the hills and gorges for a length of five miles. It included every variety of vehicle, men on horseback, men on cycles, and many on foot, all determined to be present at the last ceremony. The scene at the last outspan was a most striking one. Here, a mile from the grave, every one dismounted, and the rest of the distance was covered on foot. It was, in fact, at this point that the funeral procession proper was formed, and no vehicles were allowed. Even with these excluded, the line of mourners was still a mile in length. The military, forming the guard of honour, marched with arms reversed, and the whole moved slowly off to the strains of the 'Dead March in Saul,' played by a band, the weird strains re-echoing among the hills. A detachment of volunteers brought up the rear.

"The place of burial was a large stone kopje, so steep and rugged as to be almost inaccessible. The coffin was drawn up the heights by twelve oxen. The hills were lined with wondering natives, standing like statues, and at first holding back, but finally the indunas Shembli Faku

and Umgula came down, and over 2000 natives were present at the last rite. All seemed greatly impressed, and the words 'My father is dead' were heard on all sides among them.

"The procession finally reached the place of interment, and punctually at noon the Bishop of Mashonaland began the funeral service. The final scene was a most impressive one. About a thousand whites were congregated around the wind-swept hill, but the accommodation in the immediate vicinity of the grave was very limited. The grave, which is cut three feet deep into the solid rock, is encircled by six boulders, and the whole space around it is only fifteen yards long. A Union Jack lay on the coffin, which was lowered into the grave with chains, the wreath from the Queen, and those from the deceased's brothers and Dr. Jameson, being let down with it. Many people were in tears, and the natives were full of emotion, every one feeling that a 'great chief' had gone.

"In the course of the service the Bishop, speaking in impressive tones, consecrated the grave in the following words: "I consecrate this place for ever as his grave. Here he fought, here he lived and died for the Empire, fully alive to the great mystery of death." The Old Hundredth was

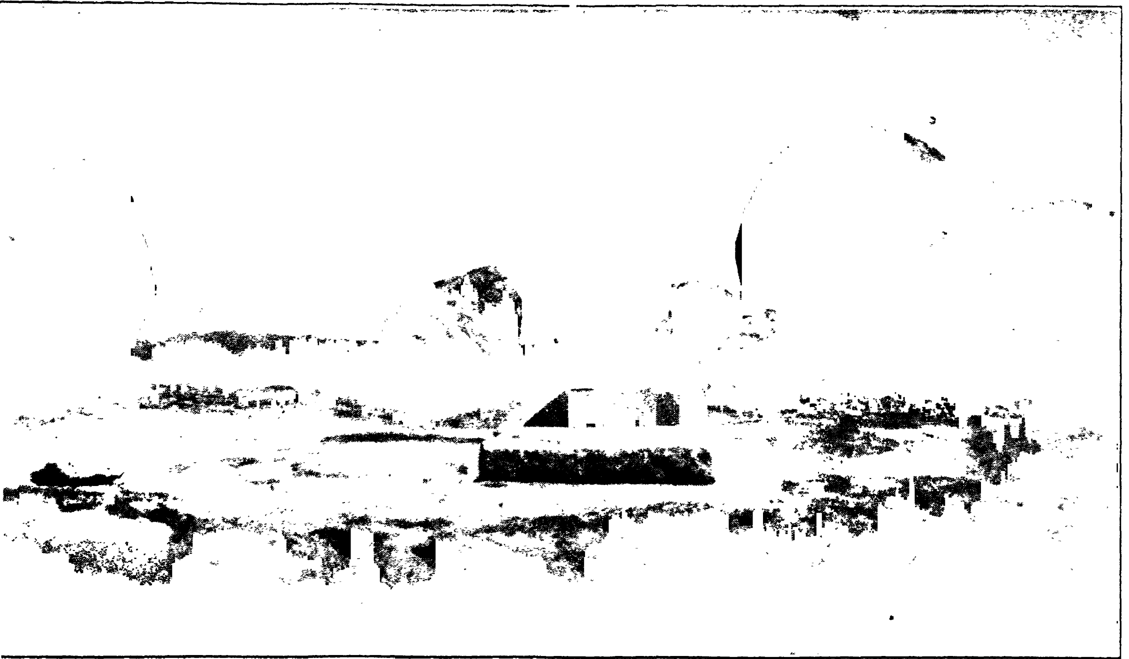


Photo: "S. Africa"

GRAVE ON THE MATOPPOS

afterwards sung by all present, and also the hymn, 'Now the labourer's task is o'er.' The other portions of the service were chanted. At its conclusion the band again played the 'Dead March.' At the end of all, the people reverently passed round the grave in turn, quantities of flowers being thrown upon it. The whole place round the grave was covered with wreaths.

"At night the natives buried their 'chief'—fifteen oxen to be slain as sacrifices—so that, as far as they are concerned, Mr. Rhodes, whom they mourn as their only chief, will have been buried with the same honours as Mosilikatze. Their mourning ceremonies lasted all night."

The *Times*' correspondent describes the ceremonial as a simple and touching one. The hymn, "O God, our help," was sung, and after a psalm and prayers an address was delivered by the Bishop of Mashonaland, who read Mr. Kipling's poem amid profound silence.[1] The wreaths sent by the Queen, Dr. Jameson, and Mr. Rhodes' brothers, and the Rhodesia flag, were buried with the body. The doxology concluded the service. The native burial ceremony followed, the weird wailing of the mourners being very impressive. According to the *Morning Post* correspondent,

[1] See p. 269.

Sekombo, the great induna orator of the Matabele, made an important utterance at the conclusion of the ceremony. He said that both Mr. Rhodes and Umsiligazi, the founder of the Matabele nation, were buried on mountains in the Matoppos, and that the Matabele now considered that the spirit of Umsiligazi was with Mr. Rhodes.

Cecil Rhodes honoured in his life and death the custom of the old Dutch settlers, who buried their dead near their homes and near the scenes of their lifelong toil. The Mosterts and the Hofmeyrs were laid to rest on the slopes of the hills where they first broke up virgin soil and made the land fruitful. It was fitting surely that the founder and friend of Rhodesia should have burial amidst the silence of the granite hills and the vast open spaces of the land that bears his name, while hard by the "pioneers of nations yet to be" were busy fulfilling his dream.

I will not attempt to moralise on the Life I have attempted to represent. It stands like the figure in the Prophet's dream, with the head, and breast, and arms of gold and silver and the feet of iron and clay, "partly strong and partly broken"; and as the Scripture reads, ever so mingling with the seed of men.

When calling to mind Cecil Rhodes' unfinished

work, of the deserts waiting to be crossed, the streams waiting to be bridged, before North and South Africa can be united, I have sometimes thought that if there be anything in the Eastern dream of reincarnation, which shall renew and satisfy the nascent passions and desires of a probationary life, he shall surely reappear when all his dreams are realised and his schemes completed as the "over-lord" of a new Africa, bearing in its ripened civilisation the impress of his genius.

THE BURIAL

C. J. RHODES

Buried in the Matoppos, 10th April 1902

When that great Kings return to clay,
  Or Emperors in their pride,
Grief of a day shall fill a day,
  Because its creature died.
But we—we reckon not with those
  Whom the mere Fates ordain,
This Power that wrought on us and goes
  Back to the Power again.

Dreamer devout, by vision led
  Beyond our guess or reach,
The travail of his spirit bred
  Cities in place of speech.
So huge the all-mastering thought that drove—
  So brief the term allowed—
Nations, not words, he linked to prove
  His faith before the crowd.

It is his will that he look forth
  Across the land he won—
The granite of the ancient North—
  Great spaces washed with sun.
There shall he patient make his seat
  (As when the Death he dared),
And there await a people's feet
  In the paths that he prepared.

There, till the vision he foresaw,
  Splendid and whole, arise,
And unimagined Empires draw
  To council 'neath his skies,
The immense and brooding Spirit still
  Shall quicken and control.
Living he was the land, and dead,
  His soul shall be her soul!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

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INDEX

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